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POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

B183

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

HIS POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

BY HIS KINSMAN,

JOHN JOHNSON, LL.D.

RECTOR OF YAXHAM WITH WELBORNE,
IN NORFOLK.

HIS VIRTUES FORM'D THE MAGIC OF HIS SONG.
COWPER'S EPITAPH.

LONDON:

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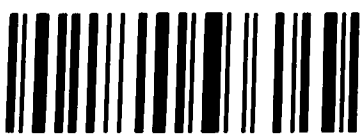

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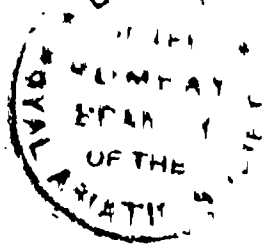

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL SPENCER.

MY LORD,

A GENERAL *request having encouraged me to become the Editor of a more complete collection of the posthumous Compositions of my revered Relation, the Poet* COWPER, *than has hitherto appeared, I consider it as my duty to the deceased, to inscribe the Volume that contains them to his exalted Friend, by whom the genius of the Poet was as justly appreciated, as the virtues of the Moralist were effectually patronized. It would be impertinent in me to attempt any new encomium on a Writer so highly endeared to every cultivated mind in that country which it was the favourite exercise of his patriotic spirit to describe and to celebrate: but I may be allowed to observe, that one of the few additions inserted in this collection will be par-*

ticularly welcome to every reader of sensibility, as an eulogy on that attractive quality so gracefully visible in all the writings of Cowper.

Permit me to close this imperfect tribute of my respect, by saying, it is my deep sense of those important services, for which the afflicted Poet was indebted to the kindness of LORD SPENCER, *that impels me to the liberty I am now taking, of thus publicly declaring myself,*

Your Lordship's

Highly obliged and

Very faithful servant,

JOHN JOHNSON.

PREFACE.

It is incumbent on me to apprize the Reader, that by far the greater part of the Poems, to which I have now the honour to introduce him, have been already published by Mr. Hayley. That endeared friend of the deceased Poet having enriched his copious and faithful Life of Him with a large collection of his minor Pieces, soon after his death, and having since given to the world a distinct Edition of his Translations from the Latin and Italian verses of Milton, every thing seemed accomplished that the merits and memory of a Poet so justly popular as Cowper, appeared to require. But of late years a fresh and detached Collection of all his Poems being wished for by his friends, I was flattered by their request, that I would present them to the public as the Editor of his third poetical volume.

Having accepted this honourable invitation, my first care was to assemble as many of the editions of

the two former Volumes as I could possibly meet with, that nothing might be admitted into their projected companion, which the public already possessed *in them*. With one slight exception I believe I secured that desirable point. My next employment was to make such a copious but careful selection from the unpublished Poetry of Cowper, which I happily possessed, and which I had only imparted to a few friends, as while it gratified his admirers, might in no instance detract from his poetical reputation. I should tremble for the hazard to which my partiality to the compositions of my beloved Relation exposed me in discharging this part of my office, if I did not hope to find in the reader a fondness of the same kind; and if I were not assured that a careless or slovenly habit, in the production of his verses, has never been imputed to the Author of the Task.

The materials of the Volume being thus provided, the ascertaining their dates was my remaining concern. In a few instances, I found them affixed to the Poems by their author; a few more I collected from intimations in his Letters: but in several the difficulty of discovering them pressed upon myself. This was especially the case with the very interesting additional Poem addressed by

Cowper to an unknown Lady on reading "*the Prayer for Indifference.*" Of the existence of these verses I had not even heard, till I was called on to superintend the Volume, in which they make their first public appearance. I am inclined to believe that during the ten years of my domestic intercourse with the Poet, they had never occurred to his recollection. He appears to have imparted them only to his highly valued and affectionate relative, the Reverend Martin Madan, brother of the late Bishop of Peterborough, from whose Common-place Book they were transcribed by his daughter, and kindly communicated to me. There being nothing in Mr. Madan's copy of these verses, from which their date could be inferred, it was only by a minute comparison of the poem itself with the various local and mental circumstances which his life exhibits, that I was enabled to discover the year of their production. The labour attending this and other instances of research, in which I have been obliged to engage for the purpose of ascertaining the dates of several minor poems, will be best understood by those who are practically acquainted with similar investigations. After all, there are some of which no diligence of mine could develope the exact time; but with the greater number I trust their

proper order of succession has been carefully secured to them.

From this brief account of the Volume before the reader, I pass on to the Memoir of its Author. Had I not already embarked in a preparation of the Poems, when I was requested to prefix a sketch of the poet's life, an unaffected distrust of my ability to achieve it would have precluded me from making such an attempt; but a peculiar interest in these relics of Cowper having been wrought into my feelings, while I was arranging them for the Press, I was unwilling to shrink from a proposed task, by which I might hope to contribute, in some degree, to the expanding renown of my revered relation. I therefore ventured to advance on the only path in the wide field of Biography, in which my humble steps could accompany Cowper's, namely *that*, in which I could simply

——————— "retrace
"(As in a map the voyager his course)
"The windings of his way thro' many years."

Into this path it might seem presumptuous in me to invite those whom my kind and constant friend Mr. Hayley has made intimately acquainted with Cowper by his extensive and just Biography;

but to such readers as happen not to have perused his more copious Work, I may venture to recommend the following "Map of Cowper's Life," as possessing one of its prime characteristics, namely Fidelity of Delineation.

BEDFORD, *April* 1815.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF COWPER.

William Cowper, the subject of the following brief Memoir, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the fifteenth of November, 1731. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, D.D. Rector of that place, and one of the chaplains of King George the Second, married Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq. of Ludham-hall, in the county of Norfolk. She died in childbed on the thirteenth of November, 1737; and he, of a paralytic seizure on the tenth of July, 1756. Of five sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage, William and John only survived their parents: the rest died in their infancy.

Such was his origin;—but it must be added, that the highest blood of the realm flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper. It is perhaps already known that his grandfather, Spencer Cowper, was chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and next

brother to William, first Earl Cowper, and Lord High Chancellor of England: but his mother was descended through the families of Hippesley of Throughley, in Sussex, and Pellet, of Bolney, in the same county, from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen, Howard, and Mowbray, and so by four different lines from Henry the Third, King of England. Distinctions of this nature can shed no additional lustre on the memory of Cowper; but genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendour of ancestry; and royalty itself may be flattered, and perhaps benefitted by discovering its kindred to such piety, such purity, such talents as his.

The simplicity of the times that witnessed the childhood of Cowper, assigned him his first instruction at a day-school in his native village. The reader may recollect an allusion to this circumstance in his beautiful Monody on the receipt of his Mother's Picture,

> ——— " the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
> " Drew me to school along the public way,
> " Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapt
> " In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capt."

On the death of the beloved parent, who is so tenderly commemorated in that exquisite poem, and

who just lived to see him complete his sixth year, he was placed under the care of Dr. Pitman of Market-street, a few miles distant from the paternal roof. At this respectable academy he remained till he was eight years of age, when the alarming appearance of specks on both his eyes induced his father to send him to the house of a female oculist in London. Her attempts, however, to relieve him, were unsuccessful, and at the expiration of two years he exchanged her residence for that of Westminster-school, where, some time afterwards, a remedy was unexpectedly provided for him in the small pox, which, as he says in a letter to Mr. Hayley, "proved the better oculist of the two." What degree of proficiency as to the rudiments of education, he carried with him to this venerable establishment, at the head of which was Dr. Nichols, does not appear, but that he left it in the year 1749, with scholastic attainments of the first order, is beyond a doubt.

After spending three months with his father at Berkhamstead, he was placed in the family of a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor in London, with a view to his instruction in the practice of the law. To this gentleman he was engaged by articles for three years. The opportunities, however, which a residence in the house of his legal tutor afforded him, for attaining

the skill that he was supposed to be in search of, were so far from attaching him to legal studies, that he spent the greater part of his time in the house of a near relation. This he playfully confesses in the following passage of a letter to a daughter of that relative, more than thirty years after the time he describes: "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. Oh fie, Cousin! how could you do so?" The subject of this sprightly remonstrance was the Lady Hesketh, who so materially contributed to the comfort of the dejected Poet in his declining years; and the Chancellor alluded to was Lord Thurlow. This trifling anecdote is no otherwise worthy of record, than as it may serve to shew, that the profession which his friends had selected for him, had nothing in it congenial with the mind of Cowper.

The three years for which he had been consigned to the office of the solicitor being expired, at the age of twenty-one he took possession of a set of chambers

in the Inner Temple. By this step he became, or rather ought to have become, a regular student of law; but it soon appeared that the higher pursuits of jurisprudence were as little capable of fixing his attention, as the elementary parts of that science had proved. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that at this maturer age, he continued those habits of idleness and dissipation, which have already been noticed; but it is certain from a colloquial account of his early years with which he favoured his friend Mr. Hayley, that literature, and particularly of a poetical kind, was his principal pursuit in the Temple. In the cultivation of studies so agreeable to his taste, he could not fail to associate occasionally with such of his Westminster school-fellows as were resident in London, and whom he knew to be eminent literary characters. The elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd, were especially of this description. With these therefore he seems to have contracted the greatest intimacy, assisting the two former in their periodical publication, The Connoisseur; and the latter, as Mr. Hayley conjectures, in the works which his slender finances obliged him to engage in. The Duncombes also, father and son, two amiable scholars of Stocks in Hertfordshire, and intimate friends of his surviving parent, were among the writers of the time, to whose poetical productions Cowper contributed. In short,

the twelve years which he spent in the Temple, were, if not entirely devoted to classical pursuits, yet so much engrossed by them as to add little or nothing to the slender stock of legal knowledge, which he had previously acquired in the house of the Solicitor.

The prospect of a professional income of his own acquiring, under circumstances like these, being out of the question, and his patrimonial resources being nearly exhausted, it occurred to him, towards the end of the above-mentioned period, that not only was his long cherished wish of settling in matrimonial life thus painfully precluded, but he was even in danger of personal want. It is not unlikely that his friends were aware of the probability of such an event, from the uniform inattention he had shewn to his legal studies; for, in the thirty-first year of his age, they procured him a nomination to the offices of Reading Clerk, and Clerk of the Private Committees in the House of Lords. But he was by no means qualified for discharging the duties annexed to either of these employments; nature having assigned him such an extreme tenderness of spirit, as, to use his own powerful expression, made a public exhibition of himself, under any circumstances, "mortal poison" to him. No sooner, therefore, had he adverted to the consequence of his accepting so conspicuous an appoint-

ment, the splendour of which he confesses to have dazzled him into a momentary consent, than, it forcibly striking him at the same time that such a favourable opportunity for his marrying might never occur again, his mind became the seat of the most conflicting sensations. These continued and increased, for the space of a week, to such a painful degree, that, seeing no possible way of recovering any measure of his former tranquillity, except by resigning the situation which the kindness of his friends had procured him, he most earnestly entreated that they would allow him to do so. To this, though with great reluctance, they at length consented, he having offered to exchange it for a much less lucrative indeed, but, as he flattered himself, a less irksome office, which was also vacant at that time, namely, the Clerkship of the Journals in the House of Lords.

The return of something like composure to the mind of Cowper was the consequence of this arrangement between him and his friends. It was a calm, however, but of short duration; for he had scarcely been possessed of it three days, when an unhappy and unforeseen incident not only robbed him of this semblance of comfort, but involved him in more than his former distress. A dispute in parliament, in reference to the last-mentioned appointment, laid him

under the formidable necessity of a personal appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, that his fitness for the undertaking might be publicly acknowledged. The trembling apprehension with which the timid and exquisitely sensible mind of this amiable man could not fail to look forward to an event of this sort, rendered every intermediate attempt to prepare himself for the examination completely abortive; and the consciousness that it did so accumulated his terrors. These had risen, in short, to a confusion of mind so incompatible with the integrity of reason, when the eve of the dreaded ceremony actually arrived, that his intellectual powers sunk under it. He was no longer himself.

In this distressing situation, it was found necessary, in the month of December, 1763, to remove him to St. Albans; from whence, through the skilful and humane treatment of Dr. Cotton, under whose care he was placed, his friends hoped that he would soon return in the full enjoyment of his former faculties. In the most material part of their wish it pleased God to indulge them, his recovery being happily effected in somewhst less than eight months. Instead, however, of revisiting the scenes in which his painful calamity had first occurred, he remained with his amiable physician nearly a twelvemonth

after he had pronounced his cure; and that from motives altogether of a devotional kind.

On this part of the Poet's history it may be proper to observe, that although, if viewed as an originating cause, the subject of religion had not the remotest connection with his mental calamity; yet no sooner had the disorder assumed the shape of *hypochondriasis*, which it did in a very early stage of its progress, than those sacred truths which prove an unfailing source of the most salutary contemplation to the undisturbed mind, were, through the influence of that distorting medium, converted into a vehicle of intellectual poison.

A most erroneous and unhappy idea has occupied the minds of some persons, that those views of Christianity which Cowper adopted, and of which, when enjoying the intervals of reason, he was so bright an ornament, had actually contributed to excite the malady with which he was afflicted. It is capable of the clearest demonstration that nothing was further from the truth. On the contrary, all those alleviations of sorrow, those delightful anticipations of heavenly rest, those healing consolations to a wounded spirit, of which he was permitted to taste, at the periods when uninterrupted reason resumed its sway,

were unequivocally to be ascribed to the operation of those very principles and views of religion, which, in the instance before us, have been charged with producing so opposite an effect. The primary aberrations of his mental faculties were wholly to be attributed to other causes. But the time was at hand, when, by the happy interposition of a gracious Providence, he was to be the favoured subject of a double emancipation. The captivity of his reason was about to terminate; and a bondage, though hitherto unmentioned, yet of a much longer standing, was on the point of being exchanged for the most delightful of all freedom.

——— "A liberty unsung
"By poets, and by senators unprais'd:"
- - - - - - - - -
E'en "liberty of heart,[a] derived from heav'n;
"Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
"And seal'd with the same token!"[b]

To the invaluable blessing of such a change he was as yet a stranger. He had been for some time convinced, and that on scriptural grounds, how much he stood in need of it, from a perception of the fetters with which, so long as he was capable of enjoying them, the pleasures of the world and of sense had

[a] Rom. viii. 21. [b] The Task, Book V.

bound his heart, but, till the moment of his affliction, he had remained spiritually a prisoner. The hour was now come when his prison-doors were to be unfolded: when "he that openeth and no man shutteth," was to give him a blessed experience of what

> "Is liberty:—a flight into his arms
> "Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
> "A clear escape from tyrannizing" sin,
> "And full immunity from penal woe!"[a]

On the 25th of July, 1764, his brother, the Reverend John Cowper, Fellow of Bene't College, Cambridge, having been informed by Dr. Cotton that his patient was greatly amended, came to visit him. The first sight of so dear a relative in the enjoyment of health and happiness, accompanied as it was with an instantaneous reference to his own very different lot, occasioned in the breast of Cowper many painful sensations. For a few moments, the clouds of despondency which had been gradually removing, involved his mind in its former darkness. Light, however, was approaching. His brother invited him to walk in the garden; where so effectually did he protest to him, that the apprehensions he felt were all a delu-

[a] The Task, Book V.

sion, that he burst into tears, and cried out, "If it be a delusion, then am I the happiest of beings." During the remainder of the day which he spent with this affectionate brother, the truth of the above assertion became so increasingly evident to him, that when he arose the next morning, he was perfectly well.

This, however, was but a part of the happiness which the memorable day we are now arrived at had in store for the interesting and amiable Cowper. Before he left the room in which he had breakfasted, he observed a Bible lying in the window-seat. He took it up. Except in a single instance, and that two months before, he had not ventured to open one, since the early days of his abode at St. Albans. But the time was now come when he might do it to purpose. The profitable perusal of that divine book had been provided for in the most effectual manner, by the restoration at once of the powers of his understanding, and the superadded gift of a spiritual discernment. Under these favourable circumstances, he opened the sacred volume at that passage of the Epistle to the Romans where the Apostle says, that Jesus Christ is "set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." To use the expression emplo-

by Cowper himself in a written document from which this portion of his history is extracted, he "received strength to believe it;" to see the suitableness of the atonement to his own necessity, and to embrace the Gospel with gratitude and joy.

That the happiest portion of Cowper's life was that on which he had now entered, appears partly from his own account of the first eighteen months of the succeeding period, and partly from the testimony of an endeared friend in a letter to the writer of this brief memoir; a friend, who, during the six or seven years that immediately followed, was seldom removed from him four hours in the day. But, not to anticipate what remains to be offered, the devotional spirit of his late skilful physician, and now valuable host, Dr. Cotton, was so completely in unison with the feelings of Cowper, that he did not take his departure from St. Albans till the 17th of June, 1765. During the latter part of his residence there, and subsequent to the happy change just described, he exhibited a proof of the interesting and scriptural character of those views of religion which he had embraced, in the composition of two hymns. These hymns he himself styled "specimens" of his "first Christian thoughts;" a circumstance which will greatly enhance their value in the minds of those to

whom they had been long endeared by their own intrinsic excellence. The subject of the first of these hymns is taken from Revelation xxi. 5. "Behold I make all things new," and begins "How blest thy creature is, O God." The second, under the title of "Retirement," begins "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."

Early in the morning of the day above-mentioned he set out for Cambridge, on his way to Huntingdon, the nearest place to his own residence, at which his brother had been able to secure him an asylum. He adverts with peculiar emphasis to the sweet communion with his divine Benefactor which, though not alone, he enjoyed in silence during the whole of this journey; on the Saturday succeeding which he repaired with his brother to his destination at Huntingdon.

No sooner had Mr. John Cowper left him, and returned to Cambridge, than, to use his own words, "finding himself surrounded by strangers, in a place with which he was utterly unacquainted, his spirits began to sink, and he felt like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct him." He walked forth towards the close of the day, in this melancholy fra[illegible]

mind, and having wandered a mile from the town, he was enabled to trust in Him who careth for the stranger, and to rest assured that wherever He might cast his lot, the God of all consolation would still be near him.

To the question which the foregoing pathetic passage will naturally give rise to in every feeling mind, namely, why was not Mr. Cowper advised, instead of hazarding his tender and convalescent spirit among the strangers of Huntingdon, to recline it on the bosom of his friends in London? it is incumbent on the writer to venture a reply. It is presumed therefore, that no inducement to his return to them, which, with a view to their mutual satisfaction, his affectionate relatives and most intimate friends could devise, was either omitted on their part, or declined without reluctance on his. But in the cultivation of the religious principle which, with the recovery of his reason, he had lately imbibed, and which in so distinguished a manner it had pleased God to bless to the re-establishment of his peace, he had an interest to provide for of a much higher order. This it was that inclined him to a life of seclusion: a measure in the adoption of which, though, in ordinary cases, he is certainly not to be quoted as an example, yet, considering the extreme peculiarity of his own,

it seems equally certain that he is not to be censured. There can be no doubt indeed, from the following passage of his Poem on Retirement, that had his mind been the repository of less exquisitely tender sensibilities, he would have returned to his duties in the Inner Temple:

> "Truth is not local, God alike pervades
> "And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
> "And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
> "Or scorn'd where business never intervenes."

Of the first two months of his abode in Huntingdon, nothing is recorded, except that he gradually mixed with a few of its inhabitants, and corresponded with some of his early friends. But at the end of that time, as he was one day coming out of church, after morning prayers, at which he appears to have been a constant attendant, he was accosted by a young gentleman of engaging manners, who exceedingly desired to cultivate his acquaintance. This pleasing youth, known afterwards to the public as the Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin, Rector of Stock in Essex, to whom the author of the Task inscribed his Poem of Tirocinium, was so intent upon accomplishing the object of his wishes, that when he took leave of the interesting stranger, after sharing his walk under a row of trees, he had obtained his permission to drink tea with him that day.

This was the origin of the introduction of Cowper to the family of the Reverend Morley Unwin, consisting of himself, his wife, the son already named, and a daughter: an event, which, when viewed in connection with his remaining years, will scarcely yield in importance to any feature of his life. Concerning these engaging persons, whose general habits of life, and especially whose piety rendered them the very associates that Cowper wanted, he thus expresses himself in a letter written two months after to one of his earliest and warmest friends;[a] "Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before I knew them, and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it."

The house which Mr. Unwin inhabited was a large and convenient dwelling in the High-street, in which he had been in the habit of receiving a few domestic pupils to prepare them for the University. At the division of the October Term, one of these students being called to Cambridge, it was proposed that the solitary lodging which Cowper occupied, should be exchanged for the possession of the vacant place. On the 11th of November, therefore, in the same

[a] Joseph Hill, Esq.

year, he commenced his residence in this agreeable family. But the calamitous death of Mr. Unwin by a fall from his horse, as he was going to his church on a Sunday morning, the July twelvemonth following, proved the signal of a further removal to Cowper, who, by a series of providential incidents, was conducted with the family of his deceased friend to the town of Olney in Buckinghamshire, on the 14th of October 1767. The instrument whom it pleased God principally to employ in bringing about this important event, was the Rev. John Newton, then Curate of that parish, and afterwards Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth in London: a most exemplary divine, indefatigable in the discharge of his ministerial duties; in which, so far as was consistent with the province of a Layman, it became the happiness of Cowper to strengthen his hands.

Great was the value which Cowper set on the friendship and intercourse which for some years he had the privilege of enjoying with the estimable author of Cardiphonia. This appears by the following passage in one of his Letters to that venerable pastor: "The honour of your Preface prefixed to my poems will be on my side, for surely to be known as the friend of a much favoured minister of God's word, is a more illustrious distinction in

reality than to have the friendship of any poet in the world to boast of." A correspondent testimony of the estimation in which our poet was held by his friend Mr. Newton is clearly deducible from the introductory words of the preceding sentence; and is abundantly furnished in the Preface itself.

A very interesting part of the connection thus happily established between Mr. Cowper and Mr. Newton, was afterwards brought to light in the publication of the Olney Hymns, which was intended as a monument of the endeared and joint labours of these exemplary Christians. To this collection Mr. Cowper contributed sixty-eight compositions.

From the commencement of his residence at Olney till January 1773, a period of five years and a quarter, it does not appear that there was any material interruption either of the health or religious comfort of this excellent man. His feelings, however, must have received a severe shock in February 1770, when he was twice summoned to Cambridge by the illness of his beloved brother, which terminated fatally on the 20th of the following month. How far this afflictive event might conduce to such a melancholy catastrophe, it is impossible to judge; but certain it is, that at this period a renewed attack

of his former hypochondriacal complaint took place. It is remarkable that the prevailing distortion of his afflicted imagination became then not only inconsistent with the dictates of right reason, but was entirely at variance with every distinguishing characteristic of that religion which had so long proved the incitement to his useful labours, and the source of his mental consolations. Indeed so powerful and so singular was the effect produced on his mind by the influence of the malady, that while for many subsequent years it admitted of his exhibiting the most masterly and delightful display of poetical, epistolary, and conversational ability, on the greatest variety of subjects, it constrained him from that period, both in his conversation and letters, studiously to abstain from every allusion of a religious nature. Yet no one could doubt that the hand and heart from which, even under so mysterious a dispensation, such exquisite descriptions of sacred truth and feeling afterwards proceeded, must have been long and faithfully devoted to his God and Father. The testimonies of his real piety were manifested to others, when least apparent to himself. But where it pleased God to throw a veil over the mental and spiritual consistency of this excellent and afflicted man, it would ill become us rudely to invade the divine prerogative by attempting to withdraw it.

Under the grievous visitation above mentioned, Mrs. Unwin, whom he had professed to love as a mother, was as a guardian angel to this interesting sufferer. Day and night she watched over him. Inestimable likewise was the friendship of Mr. Newton: "Next to the duties of my ministry," said that venerable pastor, in a letter to the author of this Memoir, more than twenty years afterwards, "it was the business of my life to attend him."

For more than a twelvemonth subsequent to this attack, Cowper seems to have been totally overwhelmed by the vehemence of his disorder. But in March 1774, he was so far enabled to struggle with it, as to seek amusement in the taming of his three hares, and in the construction of boxes for them to dwell in. From mechanical amusements he proceeded to epistolary employment, a specimen of which addressed to his friend Mr. Unwin, who had been some years settled at Stock in Essex, in the summer of 1778, shews that he had in a great measure recovered his admirable faculties.

In 1779, he accompanied Mrs. Unwin in a post-chaise to view the gardens of Gayhurst; an excursion of which he informs her son in a playful letter.

In the autumn of this year, we find him reading the Biography of Johnson, and, with the exception of what he terms his "unmerciful treatment of Milton," expressing himself "well entertained" with it.

One of his earliest amusements in 1780, was the composition of the beautiful fable of "The Nightingale and the Glow-worm;" after which he betook himself to the drawing of landscapes; an employment of which he grew passionately fond, though he had never been instructed in the art. This attachment to the pencil was particularly seasonable, as in the midst of it he lost his friend Mr. Newton, who was called to the charge of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. With a provident care, however, for his future welfare, this excellent man obtained his permission to introduce to him the Reverend William Bull, of Newport Pagnell, who from that time regularly visited him once a fortnight; and whom Cowper afterwards described to his friend Unwin, as "a man of letters and of genius, master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it;" who could be "lively without levity, and pensive without dejection." As the year advanced, Hume's History, and the Biographia Britannica engaged his attention, though the amusements of the garden where his chief resource,

and had banished drawing altogether. These, with the frequent exercise of his epistolary talent, and the occasional production of a minor piece of poetry, in the composition of which the entertainment of himself and his friends was his only aim, led him to the important month of December in this year, when he was to sit down with the secret intention of writing for the public: an intention, however, which his extreme humility took care to couple in his mind with this proviso, that a bookseller could be found who would run the risk of publishing his productions.

Between that time and March 1781, the four first of his larger poems were completed; namely, Table Talk, the Progress of Error, Truth, and Expostulation. These, together with the small pieces contained in the earliest edition of that volume, were sent to the press in the following May, Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who had been recommended to the Poet by Mr. Newton, having, as he informed his friend at Stock, "heroically set all peradventures at defiance," as to the expence of printing, "and taken the whole charge upon himself."

The operations of the press, however, had

scarcely commenced, when it was suggested to the author that the season of publication being so far elapsed, it would be advisable to postpone the appearance of his book till the ensuing winter. This delay was productive of two advantages: it enabled him to correct the press himself, and nearly to double the quantity of the projected volume; to which, by the 24th of June, he had added the poem of Hope; by the 12th of July, that of Charity; and by the 19th of October, those of Conversation and Retirement.

Whilst the Poet was occupied in the extension of his work, there arrived at the neighbouring village of Clifton, a lady, who was in due time to make a most agreeable addition to his society, and to whom the public were afterwards indebted for the first suggestion of the Sofa, as they were also to Mrs. Unwin for that of the Progress of Error, as a subject for Cowper's Muse. The writer alludes to Lady Austen, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, whose first introduction to the Poet and his friends occurred in the summer of 1781; a memorable era in the life of Cowper. The limits, however, of a contracted narrative, such as this professes to be, will only allow me here to introduce the brief character of this accomplished lady, which Cowper dispatched to his

friend Unwin, in the month of August of this year; namely, "that she had seen much of the world, understood it well, had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." The frequent visits of this pleasing associate to her new acquaintances at Olney, gave rise to that familiar epistle in rhyme, which the Poet addressed to her on her return to London; it is dated December 17, 1781. The last month of that year, and the two first of the year following, appear to have been employed by Cowper in correcting the press, in epistolary correspondence, and in desultory reading.

The year 1782 was also an eventful period in the life of the Poet. In March, his first volume issued from the press. In the summer, Mr. Bull engaged him in the translation of Madame Guion; and by means of a small portable printing-press, given him by Lady Austen, who had returned from London to Clifton, he became a printer as well as a writer of poetry. In October of the same year, the pleasant poem of John Gilpin sprang up, like a mushroom, in a night. The story on which it is founded, having been related to him by Lady Austen, in one of their evening parties, it was versified in bed, and presented to her the next morning in the shape of a ballad. Before the close of

the year, Lady Austen was settled in the parsonage at Olney.

The consequence of this latter arrangement was a more frequent intercourse between the lady and her friends. Mr. Unwin indeed is informed, in a letter which he received from Mr. Cowper in January 1783, that "they passed their days alternately at each other's chateau." This eventually led to the publication of the Task. Lady Austen, as an admirer of Milton, was fond of blank verse. She wished to engage Cowper in that species of composition. For a long time he declined it. The lady, however, persevered, till, in June or July of the same year, he promised to write if she would furnish the subject. "O!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject: you can write upon any:—write upon this Sofa!" "The poet," says Mr. Hayley, "obeyed her command, and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation arose a poem of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and excellence! A poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject, and every style, without any dissonance or disorder; and to have flowed without effort, from inspired philanthropy eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers whatever may lead them most happily to the full

enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of heaven."

The progress of this enchanting performance appears to have been this. The first four books and part of the fifth were written by the 22d of February 1784; the final verses of the poem in September following; and in the beginning of October the work was sent to the press. The arrangements with the Bookseller were entrusted to Mr. Unwin. During the period of its production, the evenings of the Poet appear to have been constantly devoted to a course of diversified reading to the ladies. Such as Hawkesworth's Voyages, L'Estrange's Josephus, Johnson's Prefaces, The Theological Miscellany, Beattie's and Blair's Lectures, The "Folio of four Pages," and the Circumnavigations of Cook. This may in some measure account for the comparatively slow execution of the latter part of the work, and indeed of the whole with reference to the former volume. But the following passage of a letter to Mr. Newton, dated October 30, 1784, will explain it more fully. "I mentioned it no sooner," namely, that he was engaged in the work, "because, almost to the last, I was doubtful whether I should ever bring it to a conclusion, working often in such distress of mind, as while it spurred me to the work, at the time

threatened to disqualify me for it." After it was sent to the press, he added the poem of Tirocinium, two hundred lines of which were written in 1782, and the remainder in October and November 1784.

On the 21st of this month he began his translation of Homer, which, together with the completion of The Task, proves the year 1784 to have been an active period in the life of Cowper. A no less striking occurrence of that year was the termination of his intercourse with Lady Austen. For a just statement of that sudden event, which, while it by no means lowered the character of either of the ladies, exceedingly elevated that of Cowper, the reader is referred to the biography of Hayley.

The year 1785 was marked by the publication of the second volume of his poems in June or July, containing The Task, Tirocinium; The Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq. and The diverting History of John Gilpin; also by the production of many excellent letters, among which those to his cousin Lady Hesketh, who had lately returned from a residence in Italy, and renewed her correspondence with him on the appearance of his second volume, are peculiarly interesting. With the exception of a

few of his smaller pieces, his poetical employment, this year, was confined to the translation of Homer.

The same may be said of the succeeding year, which, however, was distinguished by three remarkable occurrences: the arrival of Lady Hesketh at Olney in June; Cowper's removal to the Lodge in the adjoining village of Weston Underwood, in November; and the death of Mr. Unwin in the same month. To the first of these events he thus alludes in a letter to Mr. Hill: "My dear cousin's arrival here, as it could not fail to do, made us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her great kindness in giving us her company is a cordial that I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, but while I live:"—to the second, thus, in a letter to the same friend, "I find myself here situated exactly to my mind. Weston is one of the prettiest villages in England, and the walks about it at all seasons of the year delightful. I know that you will rejoice with me in the change that we have made, and for which I am altogether indebted to Lady Hesketh:"—and to the third, thus, in concluding a letter to that lady, "So farewell, my friend Unwin! The first man for whom I conceived a friendship after my removal from St. Alban's, and for whom I can-

not but still feel a friendship, though I shall see thee with these eyes no more."

Early in January 1787, he was attacked with a nervous fever, which obliged him to discontinue his poetical efforts till the October following. A few days after the commencement of this indisposition, he received a visit from a stranger, which he thus notices in a letter to Lady Hesketh: "A young gentleman called here yesterday, who came six miles out of his way to see me. He was on a journey to London from Glasgow, having just left the University there. He came, I suppose, partly to satisfy his own curiosity, but chiefly, as it seemed, to bring me the thanks of some of the Scotch Professors for my two volumes. His name is Rose, an Englishman. Your spirits being good, you will derive more pleasure from this incident than I can at present, therefore I send it." This interesting and accomplished character was afterwards of singular use to Cowper, during a friendship which originated in the above visit, and which was terminated only by the death of the Poet. As an early instance of this utility, and that with reference to the paramount wants of the mind, he introduced his new acquaintance to the poetry of Burns, with which he was so much pleased as to read it twice. It was succeeded in the office of relieving

his depressed spirits by the Latin Argenis of Barclay; The Travels of Savary into Egypt; Memoirs du Baron de Tott; Fenn's Original Letters; The Letters of Frederick of Bohemia; Memoirs d' Henri de Lorraine, Duc de Guise; and the Letters of his young relative, Spencer Madan, to Priestley. In allusion to this interval of cessation from the labours of the pen, he says in a letter to Mr. Rose, "When I cannot walk, I read, and read perhaps more than is good for me. But I cannot be idle. The only mercy that I show myself in this respect is, that I read nothing that requires much closeness of application." Conversing, however, with men and things, through the medium of books, was not his only resource in this season of illness. He had an infinitely better medicine of this kind, in the society of his valuable friends at the Hall, and the many pleasing acquaintances to which their hospitality introduced him. Indeed the kindness of Sir John and Lady Throckmorton, always a cordial to the spirits of Cowper from the time he knew them, was especially such under his present circumstances. As a proof of its happy influence on the mind of the Poet, he was enabled in the autumn to resume his translation of Homer, which, with the renewal of his admirable letters to several friends, and the production of his first mortuary verses for the clerk

of Northampton, comprised all his literary performances to the conclusion of the year.

In 1788, his venerable uncle, Ashley Cowper, Esq. the father of Lady Hesketh, died at the age of eighty-seven; an event which he pathetically alludes to in several of the letters of this period, and the ill effect of which on his spirits was happily prevented by the successive visits at the lodge of the Reverend Matthew Powley and his amiable partner, the daughter of Mrs. Unwin; his old friends the Newtons, Mr. Rose, and Lady Hesketh.

The re-appearance at the Lodge of the two last-mentioned visitors, is recorded in his letters of 1789, which was also devoted to Homer and the Muse.

In January 1790, the writer of this sketch, who had hitherto enjoyed no personal intercourse with his relative, but for whom, ten years after, was reserved the melancholy office of closing his eyes, introduced himself to the poet as the grandson of his mother's brother, the Reverend Roger Donne, late rector of Catfield in Norfolk. His total ignorance of what had befallen that branch of his family, during the twenty-seven years of his retirement from the world, would of itself have secured his attention to a visitor

so circumstanced, even if his heart had been a stranger to the hospitable virtues. But as no human bosom was ever more under the influence of those blessed qualities than Cowper's, the reception which his kinsman met with was peculiarly pleasing. The consequence was a repetition of his visit in the same year, and indeed the passing of the chief of his academical recesses at the Lodge, and his clerical leisure afterwards, till, by the appointment of Providence, he transplanted this interesting man with his enfeebled companion into Norfolk, as will appear in the sequel of these pages.

Perceiving that his new and valuable acquaintance dwelt with great pleasure on the memory of his mother, the kinsman of Cowper on his return home, was especially careful to dispatch to him her picture, as a present from his cousin, Mrs. Bodham. To the arrival of this portrait, an original in oils, by Heins, he thus adverts in a letter to that lady, dated February 27, 1790: "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear Original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is

the last object that I see at night, and of course th
first on which I open my eyes in the morning." Th
receipt of this picture gave rise to the Monody s
justly a favourite with the public, when it appeare
in the later editions of his poems.

On the 25th of August in this year, he completed his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer into blank verse, which he had begun on the 21st of November 1784. During eight months of this time he was hindered by indisposition, so that he was occupied in the work, on the whole, five years and one month. On the 8th of September, the writer of this narrative had the gratification to convey it to St. Paul's Church-yard, with a view to its consignment to the press; during its continuance in which the Translator gave the work a second revisal. The Iliad was dedicated to his young noble relative, Earl Cowper, and the Odyssey to the illustrious lady of whom he thus writes to his kinsman of Norfolk, on the 26th of November 1790: "We had a visit on Monday from one of the first women in the world in point of character, I mean, and accomplishments the Dowager Lady Spencer. I may receive, perhaps, some honours hereafter, should my translation speed according to my wishes and the pains I have taken with it; but shall never receive any tha

I shall esteem so highly. She is indeed worthy to whom I should dedicate; and may but my Odyssey prove as worthy of her, I shall have nothing to fear from the critics." Lady Hesketh also paid him this year her usual visit, which extended into the next.

The year 1791 was marked by the completion of the second revisal of his Homer on the 4th of March, and by the return of the last proof-sheet of that work to the publisher on the 12th of June. Also by the commencement of his correspondence with the poet Hurdis; the suggestion of the Four Ages, Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, as a subject for his muse, by his very pleasing and well-informed clerical neighbour, Mr. Buchanan, of Ravenstone; and the seasonable visit of three of his Norfolk relations, Mrs. Balls, Miss Johnson, and her brother, in the vacant period between the conclusion of his employment as translator of Homer, and the beginning of a new literary engagement, which he thus announces to Mr. Rose on the 14th of September of this year: "A Milton, that is to rival, and, if possible, to exceed in splendor Boydell's Shakespear, is in contemplation; and I am in the editor's office, Fuseli is the painter's. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write original notes; to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text."

He addressed himself to the work with diligence, and by the end of the year had advanced to the Epitaphium Damonis.

In the early part of 1792, he had to encounter the loss of his agreeable associates at Weston Hall, the death of Sir Robert Throckmorton having occasioned their removal to a seat in Oxfordshire; an event which he tenderly alludes to in concluding a letter to the Poet Hurdis. His engagement with Milton, the society of Lady Hesketh, and of his friend Rose, but more especially the consideration of who was to succeed his old neighbours in the hospitable mansion, namely the next brother of the Baronet,* who was on the eve of marriage with Catharina, the favourite of the Poet, supported his spirits at this trying period.

The next remarkable feature in the history of Cowper, is the commencement of his correspondence with Mr. Hayley. The limits of this Narrative will not admit of a detail of the singular circumstances which gave rise to it, but it was scarcely entered upon, before, in writing to Lady Hesketh, Cowper says of his new epistolary acquaintance,

* George Courtenay Throckmorton, Esq. now Mr. Courtenay.

"I account him the chief acquisition that my own verse has ever procured me." In the following May a personal interview took place between the two Poets, thus noticed by Cowper in writing to his kinsman of Norfolk: "Mr. Hayley is here on a visit. We have formed a friendship that I trust will last for life." A few days after, Mrs. Unwin was struck with the palsy, which deprived her of the power of articulation, and the use of her right hand and arm. Under the pressure of this domestic affliction, he thus writes to Lady Hesketh: "It has happened well, that of all men living, the man most qualified to assist and comfort me, is here, though till within these few days I never saw him, and a few weeks since had no expectation that I ever should. You have already guessed that I mean Hayley!".

Early in June, Mr. Hayley left the Lodge, having obtained a promise from its inhabitants, that if it should please God to continue the convalescent symptoms of Mrs. Unwin, which had begun to be exhibited, they would visit Eartham in the course of the summer. The new guest of Cowper was succeeded by the writer of this sketch, who, without consulting the Poet, ventured to introduce to him Abbott the Painter, one of the most successful artists

of that period, in securing to a portrait the likeness of its original. In allusion to the fidelity of the copy he was then producing, Cowper playfully says in a letter to Mr. Hayley,

> Abbott is painting me so true,
> That (trust me) you would stare;
> And hardly know at the first view
> If I were here or there.

In the beginning of August, the party set out on their way to Eartham, where they arrived on the evening of the third day, and where the most cordial and affectionate reception that it was possible for guests to meet with, awaited them from the owner of that elegant villa. This had a happy effect upon the spirits of Cowper, which had been in some measure depressed by the romantic moonlight scenery of the Sussex hills, over which he had just passed, and whose bold and striking outline so far surpassing any images of the kind with which the last thirty years had presented him, hurried back his recollection to those times when he had scarcely known what trouble was.

In this delightful retreat he remained till about the middle of the following month, his kind host doing every thing that even the purest fraternal friendship could dictate for the comfort of the Poet and his

infirm companion; who were both benefited by his benevolent exertions, the one considerably in spirits, and the other somewhat in health. During the visit of Cowper to Eartham, a fine head of him in crayons was executed by Romney, who joined the party, as did also that ingenious novelist and pleasing poetess Charlotte Smith, the "friendly Carwardine," of Earl's Colne Priory, and the author of "The Village Curate," soon after the arrival of the guests from Weston. Their society was also enlivened by the endearing attentions of the amiable and accomplished youth, for whose future enjoyment, after a life of professional labour, the scenery of Eartham had been so fondly embellished by an affectionate parent, but to whom Providence allotted an early grave, in the very same year and month in which the illustrious visitor of his beloved father was consigned to the tomb.

The literary engagements of Cowper while he resided at Eartham, are thus noticed by his faithful biographer: "The morning hours, that we could best [redacted] books, were chiefly devoted to a com- revisal and correction of all the translations which my friend had finished, from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton; and we generally amused ourselves after dinner in forming together a rapid metrical version of Andreini's Adamo. But the con-

stant care which the delicate health of Mrs. Unwin required, rendered it impossible for us to be very assiduous in study."

The termination of their visit to Mr. Hayley being arrived, a journey of four days restored the party to the lodge at Weston; but not the Poet to a resumption of his Miltonic employment. In addition to the above-mentioned obstacle, the habit of study had so totally left him, that instead of beginning his dissertations on the Paradise Lost, as he had intended, he thus writes to his kinsman, who had returned into Norfolk: "I proceed exactly as when you were here—a letter now and then before breakfast, and the rest of my time all holiday; if holiday it may be called, that is spent chiefly in moping and musing; and "*forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils.*"

On the 4th of March, 1793, he says in a letter to his friend, the Reverend Walter Bagot: "While the winter lasted, I was miserable with a fever on my spirits; when the spring began to approach, I was seized with an inflammation in my eyes; and ever since I have been able to use them, have been employed in giving more last touches to Homer, who is on the point of going to the press again." At the request of his worthy Bookseller, he added explana-

tory Notes to his revision;' in allusion to which he writes in May to his friend Rose, "I breakfast every morning on seven or eight pages of the Greek commentators. For so much am I obliged to read in order to select perhaps three or four short notes for the readers of my translation." He says to Mr. Hayley, in the same month, "I rise at six every morning, and fag till near eleven, when I breakfast.—I cannot spare a moment for eating in the early part of the morning, having no other time for study." The truth is, that his grateful, affectionate spirit devoted all the rest of the day from breakfast, to the helpless state of his afflicted companion; of whose similar attentions to his own necessities, he had had such abundant experience. There can be no doubt that an arrangement of this sort was highly prejudicial to the health of Cowper, and that it hastened the approach of the last calamitous attack with which this interesting sufferer was yet to be visited. For the present, however, he was supported under it; writing pleasantly thus to Mr. Hayley in October: "On Tuesday, we expect company—Mr. Rose and Lawrence the Painter. Yet once more my patience is to be exercised, and once more I am made to wish that my face had been moveable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a band-box, and sent to the artist."

In the following month, Mr. Hayley paid his second visit to Weston, where he found the writer of this Narrative and Mr. Rose. "The latter," says the Biographer of Cowper, "came recently from the seat of Lord Spencer, in Northamptonshire, and commissioned by that accomplished nobleman to invite Cowper and his guests to Althorpe, where my friend Gibbon was to make a visit of considerable continuance. All the guests of Cowper now recommended it to him very strongly to venture on this little excursion, to a house whose master he most cordially respected, and whose library alone might be regarded as a magnet of very powerful attraction to every elegant scholar. I wished," continues Mr. Hayley, "to see Cowper and Gibbon personally acquainted, because I perfectly knew the real benevolence of both; for widely as they might differ on one important article, they were both able and worthy to appreciate and enjoy the extraordinary mental powers of each other. But the constitutional shyness of the Poet conspired with the present infirm state of Mrs. Unwin, to prevent their meeting. He sent Mr. Rose and me to make his apology for declining so honourable an invitation."

In a few days from this time, the guests of Cowper left him, and before the end of the year he thus

writes to his friend of Eartham: "It is a great relief to me that my Miltonic labours are suspended. I am now busied in transcribing the alterations of Homer, having finished the whole revisal. I must then write a new Preface, which done, I shall endeavour immediately to descant on "The Four Ages."

Instead, however, of recording the prosecution of this poem, as the work of the beginning of the following year, it becomes the painful duty of the author of this memoir to exhibit the truly excellent and pitiable subject of it as very differently employed, and as commencing his descent into those depths of affliction, from which his spirit was only to emerge by departing from the earth. Writing to Mr. Rose in January 1794, he says, "I have just ability enough to transcribe, which is all that I can do at present: God knows that I write at this moment under the pressure of sadness not to be described." It was a happy circumstance that Lady Hesketh had arrived at Weston, a few weeks previous to this calamitous attack, the increasing infirmities of Cowper's aged companion, Mrs. Unwin, having reduced her to a state of second childhood. Towards the end of February, the care of attending to his afflicted relative was for a short time engaged in by the writer of these pages, who had scarcely returned to his pro-

fessional duties, when, in consequence of an affectionate summons from Cowper's valuable neighbour and highly respected friend, the Reverend Mr. Greatheed of Newport Pagnel, Mr. Hayley repaired to the Lodge. During the continuance of his visit, which was extended to several weeks, all expedients were resorted to, which the most tender ingenuity could devise, to promote the object which had given rise to it. But though the efforts of this cordial and tried friend to restore the Poet to any measure of cheerfulness, were altogether ineffectual, yet as a reward for his humanity, it pleased God to refresh his benevolent spirit, at this time, by the success of a plan for the benefit of Cowper, the idea of which had originated with himself. The circumstance alluded to is thus related by the Biographer of the Poet: —" It was on the 23d of April 1794, in one of those melancholy mornings, when his compassionate friend Lady Hesketh and myself were watching together over this dejected sufferer, that a letter from Lord Spencer arrived at Weston, to announce the intended grant of such a pension from his Majesty to Cowper, as would ensure an honourable competence for the residue of his life. This intelligence produced in the friends of the Poet very lively emotions of delight, yet blended with pain almost as powerful; for it was painful in no trifling

degree, to reflect, that these desirable smiles of good fortune could not impart even a faint glimmering of joy to the dejected invalid.

His friends, however, had the animating hope, that a day would arrive when they might see him receive with a cheerful and joyous gratitude, this royal recompence for merit universally acknowledged. They knew that when he recovered his suspended faculties, he must be particularly pleased, to find himself chiefly indebted for his good fortune to the active benevolence of that nobleman, who, though not personally acquainted with Cowper, stood, of all his noble friends, the highest in his esteem."—" He was unhappily disabled," continues his Biographer, " from feeling the favour he received, but an annuity of three hundred a year was graciously secured to him, and rendered payable to his friend Mr. Rose, as the trustee of Cowper."

Another extract from Mr. Hayley will advance the memoir to the close of the Poet's residence in Buckinghamshire. " From the time when I left my unhappy friend at Weston, in the spring of the year 1794, he remained there under the tender vigilance of his affectionate relation Lady Hesketh, till the latter end of July, 1795:—a long season of the

darkest depression! in which the best medical advice, and the influence of time, appeared equally unable to lighten that afflictive burthen which pressed incessantly on his spirits."

A few weeks prior to the last mentioned period, the task of superintending this interesting sufferer was again shared with Lady Hesketh by her former associate from Norfolk; to whom it forcibly occurred, one day, as he reflected on the inefficacy of the air and scenery of Weston in promoting the return of health to his revered relation, that perhaps a Summer's residence by the sea-side might restore him to the enjoyment of that invaluable blessing. Lady Hesketh, to whom he communicated this idea, being of the same opinion, arrangements were speedily made for his conducting the two venerable invalids from Buckinghamshire into Norfolk, whom, after a residence there of a few months, he hoped to re-conduct to the Lodge in amended health and spirits.

It was a singularly happy circumstance that in this projected departure from his beloved Weston, neither Cowper, nor Mrs. Unwin, nor either of their friends, thought of any thing further than a temporary absence. For had the measure been suggested

under the idea of a final separation from that endeared residence, which was eventually found to have been the intention of Providence, the anguish of Cowper in passing for the last time over the threshold of his favourite retirement, and in taking leave of Lady Hesketh for ever, might not only have proved fatal to the delicate health of his affectionate relative, but have so extended itself to the breast of his conductor, as to have deprived him of the necessary fortitude for sustaining so long a journey with so helpless a charge. Nothing of the kind, however, having entered into the calculation of either party, both the setting out for Norfolk, on Tuesday the 28th of July, 1795, and the subsequent travelling thither of three days, were unattended with any peculiarly distressing circumstances.

As it was highly important to guard against the effect of noise and tumult on the shattered nerves of the desponding traveller, care was taken that a relay of horses should be ready on the skirts of the towns of Bedford and Cambridge, by which means he passed through those places without stopping. On the evening of the first day, the quiet village of St. Neots, near Eaton, afforded as convenient a resting-place for the party as could have been desired; and the peaceful moonlight scenery of the spot, as Cowper

walked with his kinsman up and down the churchyard, had so favourable an effect on his spirits, that he conversed with him, with much composure, on the subject of Thomson's Seasons, and the circumstances under which they were probably written.

This gleam of cheerfulness with which it pleased God to visit the afflicted Poet, at the commencement of his journey, though nothing that may be at all compared with it was ever again exhibited in his conversation, is yet a subject of grateful remembrance to the writer of this sketch: for though it vanished from the breast of Cowper like the dew of the morning, it preserved the sunshine of hope, in his own mind, as to the final recovery of his revered relative; and that cheering hope never forsook him, till the object of his incessant care was sinking into the valley of the shadow of death.

At the close of the second day's journey, the Poet and his aged companion found in the solitary situation of Barton Mills a convenient place to rest at; and the third day brought them to North Tuddenham in Norfolk. Here, by the kindness of the Reverend Leonard Shelford, they were comfortably accommodated with an untenanted Parsonage House, in which they were received by Miss Johnson and Miss

Perowne: the residence of their conductor, in the market-place of East Dereham, being thought unfavourable to the tender spirits of Cowper. Of the latter of those ladies, Mr. Hayley says, with equal truth and felicity of expression, "Miss Perowne is one of those excellent beings, whom nature seems to have formed expressly for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted; tenderly vigilant in providing for the wants of sickness, and resolutely firm in administering such relief as the most intelligent compassion can supply. Cowper speedily observed and felt the invaluable virtues of his new attendant; and during the last years of his life he honoured her so far, as to prefer her personal assistance to that of every individual around him."

As the season of the year was particularly favourable for walking, the Poet was prevailed on by his kinsman to make frequent excursions of this sort in the retired vicinity of Tuddenham Parsonage; one of which he extended to the house of his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, at Mattishall. The sight of his own portrait painted by Abbott, in one of the apartments of that residence, awakening in his mind a recollection of the comparatively happy moments in which he sat for the picture, extorted from him a pas-

sionately expressed wish, that similar sensations might yet return.

It being fondly hoped by his kinsman, that not only this wish, but many more of the same kind, and those most sanguine, conceived by himself, might be realized by a removal to the sea-side, he conducted the two invalids, on the 19th of August 1795, to the village of Mundsley on the Norfolk coast. They had been there but a short time, when his companion perceived, that there was something inexpressibly soothing to the spirit of Cowper in the monotonous sound of the breakers. This induced him to confine the walks of the Poet, whom dejection precluded from the exercise of all choice whatever, or at least the expression of it, almost wholly to the sands, which at Mundsley are remarkably firm and level; till an incident occurred which introduced them to the inland, but still pleasing walks of that vicinity. The circumstance alluded to, is stated in the following letter, which, after a long suspension of epistolary employment, the Poet addressed to Mr. Buchanan. "It shews," as Mr. Hayley observes, "the severity of his depression, but shews also that faint gleams of pleasure could occasionally break through the settled darkness of melancholy."

It is introduced from a quotation from the Lycidas of Milton.

"To interpose a little ease
Let my frail thoughts dally with false surmise."

"I will forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome, than as a curiosity. To you, Sir, I address this; urged to it by extreme penury of employment, and the desire I feel to learn something of what is doing, and has been done at Weston (my beloved Weston!) since I left it.

"The coldness of these blasts, even in the hottest days, has been such, that added to the irritation of the salt spray with which they are always charged, they have occasioned me an inflammation in the eyelids, which threatened a few days since to confine me entirely; but by absenting myself as much as possible from the beach, and guarding my face with an umbrella, that inconvenience is in some degree abated. My chamber commands a very near view of the ocean, and the ships at high water approach the coast so closely, that a man furnished with better eyes than mine might, I doubt not, discern the sailors from the window. No situation, at least when the weather is clear and bright, can be pleasanter; which you will

easily credit, when I add that it imparts something a little resembling pleasure even to me.—Gratify me with news from Weston! If Mr. Gregson, and your neighbours the Courtnays are there, mention me to them in such terms as you see good. Tell me if my poor birds are living! I never see the herbs I used to give them without a recollection of them, and sometimes am ready to gather them, forgetting that I am not at home. Pardon this intrusion!

"Mrs. Unwin continues much as usual."

Mundsley, Sept. 5, 1795.

The hopes of the kinsman of Cowper were greatly elevated by the unexpected dispatch of the above epistle, which he hailed as the forerunner of many more, each contributing something to the alleviation of his melancholy. With the exception, however, of two hereafter mentioned, it was the only letter which the overwhelming influence of his disorder would suffer him to write in his latter years.

The effect of air and exercise on the dejected Poet being by no means such as his friends had hoped, change of scene was resorted to as the next expedient. About six miles to the south of Mundsley, and also on the coast, is a village called Happis-

burg, or Hasboro', which in the days of his youth Cowper had visited from Catfield, the residence of his mother's brother. An excursion therefore to this place was projected, and happily accomplished, by sea; a mode of conveyance which had at least novelty to recommend it; but a gale of wind having sprung up, soon after his arrival there, the return by water was unexpectedly precluded, and he was under the necessity of effecting it on foot through the neighbouring villages. To the agreeable surprise of his conductor, this very considerable walk was performed with scarcely any fatigue to the invalid.

This incident led to a welcome discovery; namely that, shattered as the person of Cowper was, and reduced even to a consumptive thinness, it yet retained a considerable portion of muscular strength. This induced an extension of those daily walks in which the vicinity of Mundsley was gradually explored. It led likewise to a journey of fifty miles in a post-chaise, by way of Cromer, Holt, and Fakenham, the object of which was to take a view of Dunham Lodge, a vacant seat on a high ground, in the neighbourhood of Swaffham. Cowper observed of this mansion, which was recently built by Edward Parry, Esq. that it was rather too spacious for his requirements, but as he did not seem unwilling to inhabit it,

his companion, who conceived it to be a far more eligible situation for his interesting charge than his own house in the town of Dereham, was induced to become the tenant of it at a subsequent period. They proceeded to the last mentioned place, which is about eight miles east of Dunham Lodge, the same evening; and the next day, a journey of thirty miles through Reepham, Aylsham, and North Walsham, returned them safe to Mundsley. Here they remained till the 7th of October, the health, if not the spirits of Cowper, being benefited by it, though the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin continued the same. On that day the party removed to Dereham, and again, in the course of the month, to Dunham Lodge, which was now become their settled residence.

As the season advanced, the amusement of walking being rendered impracticable, and his spirits being by no means sufficiently recovered to admit of his resuming either his pen or his books, the only resource which was left to the Poet, was to listen incessantly to the reading of his companion. The kind of books that appeared most, and indeed solely to attract him, were works of fiction; and so happy was the influence of these in riveting his attention, and abstracting him, of course, from the contemplation of his miseries, that he discovered a peculiar

satisfaction when a production of fancy of more than ordinary length, was introduced by his kinsman. This was no sooner perceived, than he was furnished with the voluminous pages of Richardson, to which he listened with the greater interest, as he had been personally acquainted with that ingenious writer.

At this time, the tender spirit of Cowper clung exceedingly to those about him, and seemed to be haunted with a continual dread that they would leave him alone in his solitary mansion. Sunday, therefore, was a day of more than ordinary apprehension to him; as the furthest of his kinsman's churches being fifteen miles from the Lodge, he was necessarily absent during the whole of the sabbath. On these occasions, it was the constant practice of the dejected Poet to listen frequently on the steps of the hall-door, for the barking of dogs at a farm-house, which in the stillness of the night, though at nearly the distance of two miles, invariably announced the approach of his companion.

To remove the inconvenience of these lengthened absences, an inquiry was set on foot by the attendant of Cowper, for a house equally retired with Dunham Lodge, but nearer the scene of his ministerial duties. The search, however, proving fruitless, he ventured

to consult his beloved charge, as to how far he could tolerate the Dereham residence. To his agreeable surprise, he found, that he not only preferred it to his present situation, but if the question had been put to him in the first instance, would never have wished any other. It was agreed, therefore, that as the ensuing Summer was to be spent at Mundsley, they should remain at Dunham Lodge till that period, and return from the sea to Dereham.

In the mean time, the employment of reading, and, as often as the weather permitted, excursions on foot, or in an open carriage, amused the sufferer till the commencement of 1796; in the month of April of which year, Mrs. Unwin received a visit from her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Powley. The tender and even filial attention which the compassionate invalid had never ceased to exercise towards his aged and infirm companion, was now shared by her affectionate relatives; to whom it could not but be a gratifying spectacle to see their venerable parent so assiduously watched over by Cowper, even in his darkest periods of depression. The visit of these exemplary persons was productive also of advantage to their friends, as the salutary custom of reading a chapter in the Bible to her mother, every morning before she rose, was continued by the

writer of this memoir, who, as the dejected Poet always visited the chamber of his poor old friend the moment he had finished his breakfast, took care to read the chapter at that time.

It was a pleasing discovery, which the companion of Cowper had now made, that immersed as he was in the depth of despondence, all the billows of which had gone over his soul, he could yet listen with composure to the voice of inspiration, of which he had been conceived to be unwilling to hear even the name. Being encouraged by the result of the above experiment, the conductor of the devotions of this retired family ventured in the course of a few days, to let the members of it meet for prayers in the room where Cowper was, instead of assembling in another apartment, as they had hitherto done, under the influence, as it proved, of a misconception, with regard to his ability to attend the service. On the first occurrence of this new arrangement, of which no intimation had been previously given him, he was preparing to leave the room, but was prevailed on to resume his seat, by a word of soothing and whispered entreaty.

The arrival of Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer at Dunham Lodge, in June 1796, was pro-

ductive of happy consequences to the invalid, by supplying an occupation to his harassed mind; which absorbed it still more than that of listening to the works before-mentioned. These fabrications of fancy, however, were not laid aside, but varied with conceptions of a much higher order; even the sublime flights of the illustrious Greek, to which the attention of his translator was again awakened, in the following rather singular manner.

It was the custom of the Poet, on leaving Mrs. Unwin's apartment in the morning, to take a few turns by himself in a large unfrequented room, which he had to pass in his way back to the parlour. His companion, therefore, having observed that the notes of the ingenious Mr. Wakefield were not without a reference to the labours of Cowper, took care to place the eleven volumes of that Editor's recent publication in a conspicuous part of this room; having previously hinted in the hearing of his friend, that there was in them an occasional comparison of Pope with Cowper. To his agreeable surprise, he discovered the next day, that the latter had not only found these notes, but had corrected his Translation at the suggestion of some of them. From the moment that this reviving interest in his version of the Iliad and Odyssey was perceived to exist in the breast

of Cowper; it was vigilantly cherished by the utmost efforts of his attendant, till, in the ensuing August, he had decidedly engaged in a revisal of the whole Work, and was daily producing almost sixty new lines.

Much hope had been entertained by the friends of Cowper, that this voluntary resumption of poetical employment, would have led to his speedy and perfect recovery; but the removal of the family in September from Dunham Lodge, which they now finally quitted, to their temporary residence at Mundsley, so completely dissipated his habits of attention, that a twelvemonth elapsed before he could be again prevailed on to return to his revision. In the mean time the air and walks of that favourite village, both marine and inland, were fully tried, till towards the end of October, when no apparent benefit having been derived to the dejected Poet by his visit to the coast, the invalids and their attendants retired to Dereham.

Cowper was scarcely settled in this new habitation, (in point of seclusion, the reverse of Dunham Lodge,) when his friends had the satisfaction to see that the scenery of a town was by no means distressing to his tender spirit.—Now, to employ the

language of his Sussex friend, "the long and exemplary life of Mrs. Unwin was drawing towards a close. The powers of nature were gradually exhausted, and on the 17th of December, she ended a troubled existence, distinguished by a sublime spirit of piety and friendship, which shone through long periods of calamity, and continued to glimmer through the distressful twilight of her declining faculties." The precise moment of her departure was so tranquil, that it was only marked by the cessation of her breath, as the clock was striking one in the afternoon.

Gentle, however, as were the approaches of the last messenger, in the case of this eminent servant of God, and little as, under the ceaseless pressure of his own sufferings he had hitherto appeared to notice them, they had yet been perceived by Cowper; for, as a faithful servant of his dying friend and himself was opening the window of his chamber on the morning of the day of her decease, he said to her, in a tone of voice at once plaintive, and full of anxiety as to what might be the situation of his aged companion, "Sally, is there life above-stairs?"

From a dread of the effect of such a scene upon his mind, the first object of the kinsman of Cowper,

who had attended him to the bedside of his departing friend, about half an hour before her death, was to reconduct [illegible] pitiable charge to the apartment below, and instantly to commence reading. This expedient so often resorted to, with a view to composing the spirit of Cowper, and generally speaking with much success, was happily efficacious in the present instance. For though the reader had scarcely advanced a few pages, before he was beckoned out of the room to be informed of the death of Mrs. Unwin, he returned to it some moments after, without being questioned as to why he had left it. Apprehending from this circumstance, and from a rapid observation of his countenance, with every turn of which he had long been familiar, that the mind of his beloved relative was perhaps in as fit a state for the reception of the melancholy tidings, as, under the pressure of his calamity it could be, the writer of this Memoir resolved to reveal them. As he was sitting down therefore to the book, and turning over the leaves to resume his reading, he observed to the Poet, with as much cheerfulness and tender concern as he was able to associate in the same tone of voice, that his poor old friend had breathed her last.

This intelligence was received by Cowper, though not entirely without emotion, yet with such

as was compatible with his being read to by his kinsman, who had soon the satisfaction of seeing his interesting patient as composed as in the time of Mrs. Unwin's life.

But the favourable issue of two distressing periods was still to be provided for; his viewing the corpse, and its subsequent removal for interment. To meet the first of these difficulties, it was judged expedient, that the kinsman of Cowper should attend him to the chamber of his departed friend, in the dusk of the evening, when only an indistinct view of the body could be obtained; and to preclude his suspicion of the other, the funeral was appointed to take place by torch-light. It appeared, however, that there was no necessity for the latter precautions, as, after looking at the corpse for a few moments, under the circumstances above-mentioned, and starting suddenly away, with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, he not only named it no more, but never even spoke of Mrs. Unwin.

The funeral was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Powley, who had been summoned from Yorkshire within the few last days of their parent's life, but had not arrived till she had ceased to breathe: also by the writer of this sketch, and some mem-

bers of his family. She was buried on the 23d of December, in the north aisle of the Church of East Dereham.

The commencement of the year 1797 in no respect differed from that of the preceding years of his illness, his extreme dejection still continuing, and the only alleviation it was capable of receiving, being still the listening to works of fiction. As the spring advanced, however, he was persuaded to resume his usual walks, a measure to which the situation of the house at East Dereham happily presented no obstacles, as, though it fronted the market place, which was also the turnpike road; it was contiguous to the fields on its opposite side. This was equally convenient for his airings in an open carriage, which, from the happy effect of a course of ass's milk upon his bodily health, begun on the 21st of June in this year, he was enabled to bear, for a few weeks, before breakfast. This was undoubtedly the period of his last deplorable affliction when the person of Cowper made the nearest approaches to the appearance it had exhibited before his illness. His countenance, from having been extremely thin, and of a yellowish hue, had recovered much of its former fulness and ruddy complexion; his limbs were also less emaciated, and his posture more erect: but the oppres-

sion on his spirits remained the same. Under these circumstances, it was thought advisable to omit the visit to Mundsley this year, and to take the utmost advantage of the rides about Dereham.

With such recreations, and the never-failing one of reading, the Summer of 1797 was brought to a close; when, dreading the effect of the cessation of bodily exercise upon the mind of Cowper during a long winter, his kinsman resolved, if it were possible, to re-instate him in the revisal of his Homer. One morning therefore, after breakfast, in the month of September, he placed the Commentators on the table, one by one; namely, Villoisson, Barnes, and Clarke, opening them all, together with the Poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before, but talking with him, as he paced the room, upon a very different subject, namely, the impossibility of the things befalling him which his imagination had represented; when, as his companions had wished, he said to him, "And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished?" "Quite sure," replied his kinsman, "and that you will also be here to complete the revisal of your Homer," pointing to the books, "if you will resume it to day." As he repeated these words he left the room,

rejoicing in the well known token of their having sunk into the Poet's mind, namely, his seating himself on the sofa, taking up one of the books, and saying in a low and plaintive voice, "I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else."

It was a subject of much gratitude to the friends of this amiable and most interesting sufferer, that a merciful Providence should again appoint him the employment alluded to, as, more than any thing else, it diverted his mind from a contemplation of its miseries, and seemed to extend his breathing, which was at other times short, to a depth of respiration more compatible with ease. They had the happiness to see him perfectly settled to the work, and persevering in it, feeble and dejected as he was, till he brought it to a prosperous close.

In the mean time, the visit to the coast was repeated; not indeed, as in former cases, for a continuance there of some months, but with an intention of renewing it several times in the same season. This series of excursions to the marine village of Mundsley commenced in the Summer of 1798, and was varied by a return to Dereham eight or ten times, after a residence of a week by the sea-side. On one of these occasions, he visited the larger of the two

Light-houses at Happisburgh; the extensive prospect from which embracing a country formerly not unknown to him, his companion conceived might be a subject of interesting contemplation. Such in some measure it proved, but the attention of Cowper seemed more attracted by the apparatus of the building, lamps and reflectors having been recently substituted for a fire of coals, in describing the passage of that intricate coast. It was hoped that this change of place, accompanied also by a diversity of objects, might operate happily on the mind of Cowper; and, to a certain extent, it did, by producing at times a mitigation of his melancholy. In this, however, there is no doubt that Homer had a considerable share, as he was the constant companion of the Poet on the coast. The Miscellaneous Works of Gibbon also, and the Pursuits of Literature, which he permitted his kinsman to read to him, contributed to the amusement of this period.

Two occurrences worthy of record, as testifying the regard borne to Cowper by his former acquaintance, took place this year; namely, the visit in July, of the Dowager Lady Spencer, for whom he had always entertained the most affectionate respect, and that of his highly esteemed friend, Sir John

Throckmorton in December. But though the former had come many miles out of her way to see him, and the latter had taken a journey from Lord Petre's expressly for that purpose, the pressure of his malady would scarcely allow him to speak to either of these friends, or to express a sense of their kind solicitude.

On a Friday evening, the eighth of March 1799, he completed the revisal of his Homer, and the next morning entered upon the new Preface; which, however, he concluded on the following day, so that his kinsman beheld him once more without employment.

But the powers of his astonishing mind were yet to be exercised, and that on a subject altogether of his own devising. For though on the eleventh of March, his attendant laid before him the introductory fragment of his formerly projected Poem of *The Four Ages*, he merely corrected a few lines, adding two or three more, and declining to proceed, with this remark, "that it was too great a work for him to attempt in his present situation."

In the same manner, several literary projects, though of easier accomplishment, which his com-

panion suggested to him at supper, were objected to by the Poet, who at length replied, that he had just thought of six Latin Verses, and if he could compose any thing, it must be in pursuing that composition.

His desk being opened the next morning, and all things duly ranged for the purpose, his kinsman had the satisfaction, on his return to the room, to see a Poem entitled *Montes Glaciales* commenced, and that some verses were added to the six before mentioned. On his attentively considering the Title, it occurred to his companion that during the residence of the Poet at Dunham Lodge, the circumstance which he had begun to versify, had been read to him in one of the Norwich Papers, though without its appearing to engage his notice. At the request of Miss Perowne he translated this Poem into English verse on the 19th of the same month.

If the friends of Cowper were not a little surprised, that his memory should have furnished him with a subject for his poetical talent, under circumstances so unlikely to favour its exertion, his producing *The Cast-away*, the next day, which was founded on an incident recorded in Anson's Voyage, a book which he had not looked into for almost twenty years,

astonished them still more. It was, however, the last original Poem produced by the pen of Cowper. In August he translated it into Latin Verse.

On the same day that he began and finished *The Cast-away*, the Latin Poems of his favourite Vincent Bourne, which he had appeared not unwilling to enter upon next, were laid before him, and he translated "*The Thracian.*" But as his subsequent productions, with their respective dates, are duly specified in the following pages, after observing that the Poet went in October with himself and Miss Perowne to survey a much more commodious house in East Dereham, than the family had hitherto occupied there, and to which they removed in December, the writer of this Memoir will draw it to a close.

Cowper had not passed many weeks in this new habitation, when the symptoms of weakness which he had for some time exhibited assumed a dropsical appearance in the ancles and feet. To arrest the progress of this new malady a Physician was called in, on the 31st of January 1800, by the aid of whose prescriptions, which he was with difficulty persuaded to follow, and the daily exercise of a post-chaise, the disorder was so far checked, as not to occasion any further alarm.

Towards the end of January, his attention had been recalled to Homer, by a request from his friend of Sussex, who wished him to new-model a passage in his Translation of the Iliad, where mention is made of the very ancient Sculpture in which Dædalus had represented the Cretan dance for Ariadne. "On the thirty-first of January," says Mr. Hayley, "I received from him his improved version of the lines in question written in a firm and delicate hand. The sight of such writing from my long silent friend inspired me with a lively, but too sanguine hope, that I might see him once more restored. Alas! the verses which I surveyed as a delightful omen of future Letters from a correspondent so inexpressibly dear to me, proved the last effort of his pen."

By the 22d of February his weakness had increased to such a degree, as to be incompatible with the motion of a carriage, which was therefore discontinued from that day.

He had now ceased to come down stairs, though he was still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to a second room above, and to remain there till the evening.

Before the end of March, he was obliged to

forego even the trifling exercise connected with this change of apartments, and to confine himself altogether to his bed-room; in which, however, he sat up to every meal except breakfast.

About this time he was visited by his friend Mr. Rose, whose arrival at the Lodge at Weston he had so often welcomed with the sincerest delight, but whose approach he now witnessed with scarcely any perceivable pleasure. His departure, however, on the 6th of April, excited evident feelings of regret in Cowper.

The humane example exhibited by Mr. Rose, in this affectionate visit to the house of a departing friend, would have been speedily followed by Mr. Hayley and Lady Hesketh, had not the former been prevented by the impending death of a darling child, and the latter by a state of health too infirm to warrant so long a journey, and into which she had fallen soon after the departure of Cowper from Weston, in consequence of her protracted and painful confinement with her revered relative during the early stage of his calamitous depression.

On the 19th of April the weakness of this truly pitiable sufferer had so much increased, that his kins-

man apprehended his death to be near. Adverting, therefore, to the affliction, as well of body as of mind, which his beloved inmate was then enduring, he ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as the signal of his deliverance from both these miseries. After a pause of a few moments, which was less interrupted by the objections of his desponding relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an observation more consolatory still; namely, that in the world to which he was hastening, a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children—and therefore for him. To the first part of this sentence he had listened with composure, but the concluding words were no sooner uttered, than his passionately expressed entreaties that his companion would desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly proved, that though it was on the eve of being invested with angelic light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit.

The clerical duties of his attendant occasioned his absence during the greater part of Sunday the 20th; but he learnt on his return that he had in some measure revived. He was, however, in bed, and asleep; which induced his kinsman to remain in the room, and watch by him. Whilst engaged in this melan-

choly office, and endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the loss of so dear a friend, by considering the gain which that friend would experience, his reflections were suddenly interrupted, by the unusual and singularly varied tone of his breathing, which had a striking resemblance to the confused notes of an organ. Inexperienced as he then was in the diversified approaches of the last messenger, he conceived it to be the sound of his immediate summons, and after listening to it for several minutes, he arose from the foot of the bed on which he was sitting, to take a nearer, and a last view of his departing relative, commending his soul in silence, to that gracious Saviour, whom in the fulness of mental health he had delighted to honour. As he put aside the curtain, he opened his eyes; but closed them without speaking, and breathed as usual.

In the early part of Monday the 21st, and indeed till toward the hour of dinner, he appeared to be dying. But he so far recovered as to be able to partake slightly of that meal.

The near approach of his dissolution became more and more observable in every succeeding hour of Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Thursday the weakness was not at all diminished, but he sat up as usual for a short time in the evening.

In the course of the night, when he appeared to be exceedingly exhausted, some refreshment was presented to him by Miss Perowne. From a persuasion, however, that nothing could ameliorate his feelings, though without any apparent impression that the hand of death was already upon him, he rejected the cordial with these words, the very last that he was heard to utter, "What can it signify?"

At five in the morning of Friday the 25th, a deadly change in his features was observed to take place. He remained in an insensible state from that time till about five minutes before five in the afternoon, when he ceased to breathe. And in so mild and gentle a manner did his spirit take its flight, that though the writer of this Memoir, his medical attendant Mr. Woods, and three other persons, were standing at the foot and side of the bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any.

From this mournful period, till the features of

his deceased friend were closed from his view, the expression which the kinsman of Cowper observed in them, and which he was affectionately delighted to suppose an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul in its gradual escape from the depths of despondence, was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise.

He was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in the Church of East Dereham, on Saturday the 2d of May. Over his grave a Monument is erected, bearing the following inscription, from the pen of Mr. Hayley.

In Memory
Of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
Born in Hertfordshire 1731.
Buried in this Church 1800.

Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's Bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name:
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

CONTENTS.

	Page
VERSES written on finding the Heel of a Shoe..	1
Stanzas on the First Publication of Sir Charles Grandison.....	3
Epistle to Robert Lloyd, Esq.....	5
Fifth Satire of the First Book of Horace.....	9
Ninth Satire of the First Book of Horace.....	19
Address to Miss —— on reading the Prayer for Indifference.....	27
Translation from Virgil.....	32
Ovid. Trist. Lib. V. Eleg. XII.....	50
A Tale founded on a Fact.....	53
Translation of a Simile in Paradise Lost.....	55
——— of Dryden's Epigram on Milton...	56
To the Rev. Mr. Newton, on his Return from Ramsgate.....	57
Love Abused.....	58
Poetical Epistle to Lady Austen.....	59
From a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Newton.....	64
The Colubriad.....	65
On Friendship.....	67
On the Loss of the Royal George.....	76
In Submersionem Navigii, cui Georgius Regale Nomen, inditum.....	78

Page.
Song on Peace 80
—— written at the request of Lady Austen..... 81
Verses from a Poem entitled Valediction 83
In Brevitatem Vitæ Spatii Hominibus concessi.. 85
On the Shortness of Human Life..... 86
Epitaph on Johnson..... 87
To Miss C——, on her Birth Day..... ib.
Gratitude..... 88
The Flatting Mill..... 91
Lines for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper, Esq... 92
On the Queen's Visit to London..... 93
The Cock-fighter's Garland..... 97
On the Benefit received by his Majesty from Sea-bathing..... 101
Hor. Lib. I. Ode IX..... 102
Hor. Lib. I. Ode XXXVIII..... 103
Hor. B. I. Ode XXXVIII..... ib.
Hor. Lib. II. Ode XVI..... 104
Latin Verses to the Memory of Dr. Lloyd..... 105
The same in English..... 107
To Mrs. Throckmorton..... 109
Inscription for a Stone erected at the sowing of a Grove of Oaks..... 110
Another, for a Stone erected on a similar Occasion 111
Hymn for the Sunday School at Olney..... ib.
On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains of Milton..... 113
To Mrs. King..... 115
Anecdote of Homer..... 117

Page
In Memory of the late J. Thornton, Esq. 119
The Four Ages 121
The Judgment of the Poets 124
To Charles Deodati 129
On the Death of the University Beadle at Cambridge 134
On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester 136
To his Tutor, Thomas Young 139
On the Approach of Spring 145
To Charles Deodati 151
Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year 155
Epigrams.—On the Inventor of Guns 161
——— To Leonora singing at Rome ..... ib.
——— To the same 162
The Cottager and his Landlord 163
To Christina, Queen of Sweden 164
On the Death of a Physician 165
On the Death of the Bishop of Ely 168
Nature unimpaired by Time 171
On the Platonic Idea 175
To Milton's Father 177
To Salsillus, a Roman Poet 184
To Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa 187
On the Death of Damon 193
An Ode addressed to Mr. John Rouse 208
Sonnet 213
Sonetto 214
Sonnet ..... ib.
Sonetto 215

Page
Canzone..... 216
Canzone..... ib.
Sonnet.—To Charles Diodati..... 217
Sonetto..... 218
Sonnet..... 219
Sonetto..... ib.
Sonnet..... 220
Sonetto..... 221
Epitaph on Mrs. M. Higgins, of Weston..... 222
The Retired Cat..... ib.
Yardley Oak..... 228
To the Nightingale..... 236
Lines written for Insertion in a Collection of Hand-writings and Signatures made by Miss Patty, Sister of Hannah More..... 237
Epitaph on a Redbreast..... 238
Sonnet to W. Wilberforce, Esq..... 239
Epigram..... 240
To Dr. Austin..... 241
Sonnet addressed to William Hayley, Esq..... 242
Catharina..... 243
An Epitaph..... 245
Epitaph on Fop..... 246
Sonnet to George Romney, Esq..... 247
On receiving Hayley's Picture..... 248
Epitaph on Mr. Chester, of Chichely..... ib.
On a Plant of Virgin's-bower..... 249
To my Cousin, Anne Bodham..... 250
Inscription for an Hermitage in the Author's Garden..... 251

Page
To Mrs. Unwin..... 251
To John Johnson..... 252
To a Young Friend..... 253
A Tale..... 254
To William Hayley, Esq..... 258
On a Spaniel called Beau killing a Bird..... 259
Beau's Reply..... 261
Answer to Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh . 363
To the Spanish Admiral, Count Gravina..... 264
On Flaxman's Penelope..... ib.
On receiving Heyne's Virgil..... 265
To Mary..... ib.
Montes Glaciales..... 268
On the Ice Islands..... 270
The Cast-Away..... 273
Thrax..... 277
The Thracian..... ib.
Mutua Benevolentia..... 278
Reciprocal Kindness..... 279
Manuale..... 281
A Manual..... 283
Ænigma..... 286
An Ænigma..... 287
Passares Indigenæ..... 288
Sparrows self-domesticated..... 289
Nulli te facias nimis sodalem..... 291
Familiarity dangerous..... ib.
Ad Rubeculam Invitatio..... 292

Page
Invitation to the Red-breast 293
Stradæ Philomela..... 295
Strada's Nightingale 296
Anus Sæcularis..... 297
Ode on the Death of a Lady..... 299
Victoria Forensis 301
The Cause Won..... 302
Bombyx..... 303
The Silk Worm..... ib.
Innocens Prædatrix 305
The Innocent Thief..... 306
Denneri Anus 308
Denner's Old Woman..... 309
Lacrymæ Pictoris..... 310
The Tears of a Painter..... 312
Spe Finis..... 313
The Maze..... 314
Nemo Miser nisi comparatus..... 315
No Sorrow peculiar to the Sufferer..... ib.
Limax..... 316
The Snail..... 317
Eques Academicus..... 318
The Cantab..... 319
The Salad by Virgil..... 321
From the Greek of Julianus..... 329
On the same by Palaadas..... ib.
An Epitaph 330
Another ..... ib.

Page
An Epitaph..... 331
Another..... ib.
By Callimachus..... ib.
On Miltiades..... 332
On an Infant..... ib.
By Heraclides..... ib.
On the Reed..... 333
To Health..... 334
On the Astrologers..... 335
On an Old Woman..... 335
On Invalids..... ib.
On Flatterers..... ib.
On the Swallow..... 336
On late acquired Wealth..... 337
On a True Friend..... ib.
On a Bath, by Plato..... ib.
On a Fowler, by Isiodorus..... 338
On Niobe..... ib.
On a Good Man..... ib.
On a Miser..... 339
Another..... ib.
Another..... 340
On Female Inconstancy..... ib.
On the Grasshopper..... 341
On Hermocratia..... 342
From Menander..... 343
On Pallas Bathing..... 344
To Demosthenes..... 345

Page
On a similar Character..... 345
On an Ugly Fellow..... 346
On a Battered Beauty..... ib.
On a Thief..... ib.
On Pedigree..... 347
On Envy..... 348
By Philemon..... 349
By Moschus..... ib.
In ignorantem arrogantem Linum..... 351
On one ignorant and arrogant..... ib.
Prudens Simplicitas..... ib.
Prudent Simplicity..... ib.
Ad Amicum Pauperem..... 352
To a Friend in Distress..... ib.
Lex Talionis..... ib.
Retaliation..... 353
De Ortu et Occasu..... ib.
Sunset and Sunrise..... b.
Lepus multis Amicus..... 354
Avarus et Plutus..... 357
Papilio et Limax..... 359

POEMS.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH, ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE, IN 1748.

FORTUNE! I thank thee: gentle Goddess! thanks!
Not that my Muse, tho' bashful, shall deny,
She would have thank'd thee rather, hadst thou cast
A treasure in her way; for neither meed
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes,
And bowel-racking pains of emptiness,
Nor noontide feast, nor ev'ning's cool repast,
Hopes she from this—presumptuous, tho', perhaps,
The cobler, leather-carving artist! might.
Nathless she thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,
Whatever; not as erst the fabled cock,
Vain glorious fool! unknowing what he found,
Spurn'd the rich gem, thou gav'st him. Wherefore, ah!
Why not on me that favour, (worthier sure!)

Confer'dst thou, Goddess! Thou art blind, thou say'st:
Enough!—thy blindness shall excuse the deed.
Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale
From this thy scant indulgence!—even here,
Hints, worthy sage philosophy, are found;
Illustrious hints, to moralise my song!
This pond'rous heel of perforated hide
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks),
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
Upbore: on this supported oft, he stretch'd,
With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,
Flatt'ning the stubborn clod, till cruel time
(What will not cruel time), on a wry step,
Sever'd the strict cohesion; when, alas!
He, who could erst, with even, equal pace,
Pursue his destin'd way with symmetry,
And some proportion form'd, now, on one side,
Curtail'd and maim'd, the sport of vagrant boys,
Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop!
With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on:
Thus fares it oft with other than the feet
Of humble villager—the statesman thus,
Up the steep road, where proud ambition leads,

Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds
His prosp'rous way; nor fears miscarriage foul,
While policy prevails, and friends prove true:
But that support soon failing, by him left,
On whom he most depended, basely left,
Betray'd, deserted; from his airy height
Headlong he falls; and thro' the rest of life
Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

STANZAS

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL ODE ON THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,

IN 1753.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword
Th' oppress'd;—unseen and unimplor'd,
To cheer the face of wo;
From lawless insult to defend
An orphan's right—a fallen friend,
And a forgiven foe;

These, these distinguish from the crowd,
And these alone, the great and good,
The guardians of mankind;
Whose bosoms with these virtues heave,
O, with what matchless speed they leave
The multitude behind!

Then ask ye, from what cause on earth
Virtues like these derive their birth,
Deriv'd from Heaven alone;
Full on that favour'd breast they shine,
Where faith and resignation join
To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart:—but while the Muse
Thy theme, O RICHARDSON, pursues,
Her feeble spirits faint;
She cannot reach, and would not wrong,
That subject for an angel's song,
The hero, and the saint!

AN EPISTLE

To ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

1754.

'Tis not that I design to rob
Thee of thy birthright, gentle Bob,
For thou art born sole heir, and single,
Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle;
Not that I mean, while thus I knit
My threadbare sentiments together,
To show my genius or my wit,
When God and you know I have neither;
Or such as might be better shown
By letting poetry alone.
'Tis not with either of these views
That I presum'd t' address the Muse:
But to divert a fierce banditti,
(Sworn foes to every thing that's witty!)
That, with a black, infernal train,
Make cruel inroads in my brain,
And daily threaten to drive thence
My little garrison of sense:

The fierce banditti which I mean
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by Spleen.
Then there's another reason yet,
Which is, that I may fairly quit
The debt, which justly became due
The moment when I heard from you:
And you might grumble, crony mine,
If paid in any other coin;
Since twenty sheets of lead, God knows,
(I would say twenty sheets of prose)
Can ne'er be deem'd worth half so much
As one of gold, and your's was such.
Thus, the preliminaries settled,
I fairly find myself *pitch kettled*,*
And cannot see, tho' few see better,
How I shall hammer out a letter.

First, for a thought—since all agree—
A thought—I have it—let me see—
'Tis gone again—plague on't! I thought
I had it—but I have it not.

* Pitchkettled, a favourite phrase at the time when this Epistle was written, expressive of being puzzled, or what in the Spectator's time would have been called *bamboozled*.

Dame Gurton thus, and Hodge her son,
That useful thing, her needle, gone!
Rake well the cinders:—sweep the floor,
And sift the dust behind the door;
While eager Hodge beholds the prize
In old grimalkin's glaring eyes;
And gammer finds it on her knees
In every shining straw she sees.
This simile were apt enough;
But I've another, critic-proof!
The virtuoso thus, at noon,
Broiling beneath a July sun,
The gilded butterfly pursues,
O'er hedge and ditch, thro' gaps and mews;
And after many a vain essay,
To captivate the tempting prey,
Gives him at length the lucky pat,
And has him safe beneath his hat:
Then lifts it gently from the ground;
But ah! 'tis lost as soon as found;
Culprit his liberty regains;
Flits out of sight, and mocks his pains.
The sense was dark; 'twas therefore fit
With simile t' illustrate it;

But as too much obscures the sight,
As often as too little light,
We have our similes cut short,
For matters of more grave import.
That Matthew's numbers run with ease
Each man of common sense agrees!
All men of common sense allow,
That Robert's lines are easy too:
Where then the pref'rence shall we place,
Or how do justice in this case?
Matthew (says Fame) with endless pains,
Smooth'd and refin'd the meanest strains;
Nor suffer'd one ill-chosen rhyme
T' escape him at the idlest time;
And thus o'er all a lustre cast,
That, while the language lives, shall last,
An't please your ladyship (quoth I),
For 'tis my business to reply;
Sure so much labour, so much toil,
Bespeak at least a stubborn soil:
Theirs be the laurel-wreath decreed,
Who both write well, and write full speed!
Who throw their Helicon about
As freely as a conduit spout!

Friend Robert, thus like *chien scavant,*
Lets fall a poem *en passant,*
Nor needs his genuine ore refine!
'Tis ready polish'd from the mine.

THE FIFTH SATIRE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

[Printed in Duncombe's Horace.]

1759.

A humorous Description of the Author's Journey from Rome to Brundusium.

'Twas a long journey lay before us,
When I, and honest Heliodorus,
Who far in point of rhetoric
Surpasses ev'ry living Greek,
Each leaving our respective home,
Together sallied forth from Rome.

First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh, and pass the night,
Our entertainment rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.
Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair
To Appiiforum we repair.
But as this road is well supplied
(Temptation strong!) on either side
With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
We split the journey, and perform
In two days time what's often done
By brisker travellers in one.
Here, rather choosing not to sup
Than with bad water mix my cup,
After a warm debate in spite
Of a provoking appetite,
I sturdily resolv'd at last
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
And in a moody humour wait,
While my less dainty comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled hemisphere
Diffus'd the starry train appear,

When there arose a desp'rate brawl;
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
Rending their throats (have mercy on us)
As if they were resolv'd to stun us.
" Steer the barge this way to the shore;
I tell you we'll admit no more;
Plague! will you never be content?
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,
While they receive the sev'ral fares,
And kick the mule into his gears.
Happy, these difficulties past,
Could we have fall'n asleep at last!
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,
These tuneful natives of the lake
Conspir'd to keep us broad awake.
Besides, to make the concert full,
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,
The bargeman and a passenger,
Each in his turn, essay'd an air
In honour of his absent fair.
At length the passenger, opprest
With wine, left off, and snor'd the rest:

The weary bargeman too gave o'er,
And hearing his companion snore,
Seiz'd the occasion, fix'd the barge,
Turn'd out his mule to graze at large,
And slept forgetful of his charge.
And now the sun o'er eastern hill,
Discover'd that our barge stood still;
When one, whose anger vex'd him sore,
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore;
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
Assails the mule and driver's back.
Then slowly moving on with pain,
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy wave
Our hands and faces gladly lave.
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height
We reach, with stony quarries white.
While here, as was agreed, we wait,
Till, charg'd with business of the state,
Mæcenas and Cocceius come,
The messengers of peace from Rome.
My eyes, by wat'ry humours blear
And sore, I with black balsam smear.

At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;
A man of such complete desert,
Antony lov'd him at his heart.
At Fundi we refus'd to bait,
And laugh'd at vain Aufidius' state,
A prætor now, a scribe before,
The purple-border'd robe he wore,
His slave the smoking censor bore.
Tir'd, at Muræna's we repose,
At Formia sup at Capito's.

With smiles the rising morn we greet,
At Sinuessa pleas'd to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the Bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
The world no purer spirits knows;
For none my heart more warmly glows.
O! what embraces we bestow'd,
And with what joy our breasts o'erflow'd!
Sure, while my sense is sound and clear,
Long as I live, I shall prefer
A gay, good-natur'd, easy friend,
To ev'ry blessing Heav'n can send.

At a small village the next night
Near the Vulturnus we alight;
Where, as employ'd on state affairs,
We were supplied by the purvey'rs
Frankly at once, and without hire,
With food for man and horse, and fire.
Capua next day betimes we reach,
Where Virgil and myself, who each
Labour'd with different maladies,
His such a stomach, mine such eyes,
As would not bear strong exercise,
In drowsy mood to sleep resort;
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
Next at Cocceius' farm were treated,
Above the Caudian tavern seated;
His kind and hospitable board
With choice of wholesome food was stor'd.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays!
To nobler themes my fancy raise!
Two combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
A poet's tribute to their fame;

Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away. We don't defame him;
His lady lives, and still may claim him.
Thus dignified, in harder fray
These champions their keen wit display,
And first Sarmentus led the way.
"Thy locks (quoth he) so rough and coarse,
Look like the mane of some wild horse."
We laugh: Cicirrus undismay'd
"Have at you!"—cries, and shakes his head.
"'Tis well (Sarmentus says) you've lost
That horn your forehead once could boast;
Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,
You seem to butt." A hideous scar
Improv'd ('tis true) with double grace
The native horrors of his face.
Well. After much jocosely said
Of his grim front, so firy red,
(For carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er,
As usual on Campania's shore)
"Give us, (he cried) since you're so big,
A sample of the Cyclops' jig!
Your shanks methinks no buskins ask,
Nor does your phiz require a mask."

To this Cicirrus. "In return
Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,
When 'twas, no longer deem'd a slave,
Your chains you to the Lares gave.
For tho' a scriv'ner's right you claim,
Your lady's title is the same.
But what could make you run away,
Since, pigmy as you are, each day
A single pound of bread would quite
O'erpow'r your puny appetite?"
Thus jok'd the champions, while we laugh'd,
And many a cheerful bumper quaff'd.

To Beneventum next we steer;
Where our good host by over care
In roasting thrushes lean as mice
Had almost fall'n a sacrifice.
The kitchen soon was all on fire,
And to the roof the flames aspire.
There might you see each man and master
Striving; amidst this sad disaster,
To save the supper. Then they came
With speed enough to quench the flame.
From hence we first at distance see
Th' Apulian hills, well known to me,

Parch'd by the sultry western blast;
And which we never should have past,
Had not Trivicius by the way
Receiv'd us at the close of day.
But each was forc'd at ent'ring here
To pay the tribute of a tear,
For more of smoke than fire was seen—
The hearth was pil'd with logs so green.
From hence in chaises we were carried
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried
At a small town, whose name my verse
(So barb'rous is it) can't rehearse.
Know it you may by many a sign,
Water is dearer far than wine.
There bread is deem'd such dainty fare,
That ev'ry prudent traveller
His wallet loads with many a crust;
For at Canusium you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a stone
As think to get a morsel down:
That too with scanty streams is fed;
Its founder was brave Diomed.
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching heart.

At Rubi we arriv'd that day,
Well jaded by the length of way,
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter:
Next day no weather could be better;
No roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy Barium's wall.
Th' Egnatians next, who by the rules
Of common sense are knaves or fools,
Made all our sides with laughter heave,
Since we with them must needs believe,
That incense in their temples burns,
And without fire to ashes turns.
To circumcision's bigots tell
Such tales! for me, I know full well,
That in high Heav'n, unmov'd by care,
The Gods eternal quiet share:
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause,
Why fickle nature breaks her laws.
Brundusium last we reach: and there
Stop short the muse and traveller.

THE NINTH SATIRE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES, 1759.

SAUNT'RING along the street one day,
On trifles musing by the way—
Up steps a free familiar wight.
(I scarcely knew the man by sight.)
" Carlos, (he cried) your hand, my dear;
Gad, I rejoice to meet you here!
Pray Heav'n I see you well?" " So, so;
Ev'n well enough as times now go.
The same good wishes, Sir, to you."
Finding he still pursued me close—
" Sir, you have business I suppose."
" My business, Sir, is quickly done,
'Tis but to make my merit known.
Sir, I have read"—" O learned Sir,
You and your learning I revere."

Then, sweating with anxiety,
And sadly longing to get free,
Gods, how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,
Ran, halted, ran again, stopp'd short,
Beckon'd my boy, and pull'd him near,
And whisper'd nothing in his ear.

Teiz'd with his loose unjointed chat—
" What street is this? What house is that?"
O Harlow, how I envied thee
Thy unabash'd effrontery,
Who dar'st a foe with freedom blame,
And call a coxcomb by his name!
When I return'd him answer none,
Obligingly the fool ran on,
" I see you're dismally distress'd,
Would give the world to be releas'd.
But by your leave, Sir, I shall still
Stick to your skirts, do what you will.
Pray which way does your journey tend?"
" O 'tis a tedious way, my friend.
Across the Thames, the Lord knows where,
I would not trouble you so far."
" Well, I'm at leisure to attend you."
" Are you? (thought I) the De'il befriend you."

No ass with double panniers rack'd,
Oppress'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,
E'er look'd a thousandth part so dull
As I, nor half so like a fool.
" Sir, I know little of myself,
(Proceeds the pert conceited elf)
If Gray or Mason you will deem
Than me more worthy your esteem.
Poems I write by folios
As fast as other men write prose;
Then I can sing so loud, so clear,
That Beard cannot with me compare.
In dancing too I all surpass,
Not Cooke can move with such a grace."
Here I made shift with much ado
To interpose a word or two.—
" Have you no parents, Sir, no friends,
Whose welfare on your own depends?"
" Parents, relations, say you? No.
They're all dispos'd of long ago."—
" Happy to be no more perplex'd!
My fate too threatens, I go next.
Dispatch me, Sir, 'tis now too late,
Alas! to struggle with my fate!

Well, I'm convinc'd my time is come—
When young, a gipsy told my doom.
The beldame shook her palsied head,
As she perus'd my palm, and said:
Of poison, pestilence, or war,
Gout, stone, defluxion, or catarrh,
You have no reason to beware.
Beware the coxcomb's idle prate;
Chiefly, my son, beware of that.
Be sure, when you behold him, fly
Out of all earshot, or you die."

To Rufus' Hall we now draw near;
Where he was summon'd to appear,
Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,
Or suffer judgment by default.
"For Heav'n's sake, if you love me, wait
One moment! I'll be with you straight."
Glad of a plausible pretence—
"Sir, I must beg you to dispense
With my attendance in the court.
My legs will surely suffer for't."—
"Nay, prithee, Carlos, stop awhile!"
"Faith, Sir, in law I have no skill.

Besides I have no time to spare,
I must be going you know where."
" Well I protest, I'm doubtful now,
Whether to leave my suit or you!"
" Me without scruple! (I reply)
Me by all means, Sir!"—" No, not I.
Allons Monsieur!" 'Twere vain (you know)
To strive with a victorious foe.
So I reluctantly obey,
And follow, where he leads the way.

" You, and Newcastle are so close,
Still hand and glove, Sir—I suppose."—
" Newcastle (let me tell you, Sir)
Has not his equal every where."
" Well. There indeed your fortune's made.
Faith, Sir, you understand your trade.
Would you but give me your good word!
Just introduce me to my lord.
I should serve charmingly by way
Of second fiddle, as they say:
What think you, Sir? 'twere a good jest.
'Slife, we should quickly scout the rest."—
" Sir, you mistake the matter far,
We have no second fiddles there.—

Richer than I some folks may be;
More learned, but it hurts not me.
Friends tho' he has of diff'rent kind,
Each has his proper place assign'd."
"Strange matters these alleg'd by you!"—
"Strange they may be, but they are true."—
"Well then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,
Now I long ten times more than ever
To be advanc'd extremely near
One of his shining character.
Have but the will—there wants no more,
'Tis plain enough you have the pow'r.
His easy temper (that's the worst)
He knows, and is so shy at first.—
But such a cavalier as you—
Lord, Sir, you'll quickly bring him to!—
Well; if I fail in my design,
Sir, it shall be no fault of mine.
If by the saucy servile tribe
Denied, what think you of a bribe?
Shut out to-day, not die with sorrow,
But try my luck again to morrow.
Never attempt to visit him
But at the most convenient time,

Attend him on each levee day,
And there my humble duty pay,
Labour, like this, our want supplies;
And they must stoop, who mean to rise."

While thus he wittingly harangu'd,
For which you'll guess I wish'd him hang'd,
Campley, a friend of mine, came by,
Who knew his humour more than I;
We stop, salute, and—"Why so fast,
Friend Carlos? Whither all this haste?"—
Fir'd at the thoughts of a reprieve,
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his sleeve,
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,
Do ev'ry thing but speak plain out:
While he, sad dog, from the beginning
Determin'd to mistake my meaning,
Instead of pitying my curse,
By jeering made it ten times worse.
"Campley, what secret (pray!) was that
You wanted to communicate?"
"I recollect. But 'tis no matter.
Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter.

'E'en let the secret rest. 'Twill tell
Another time, Sir, just as well."

Was ever such a dismal day?
Unlucky cur, he steals away,
And leaves me, half bereft of life,
At mercy of the butcher's knife;
When sudden, shouting from afar,
See his antagonist appear!
The bailiff seiz'd him quick as thought,
"Ho, Mr. Scoundrel! Are you caught?
Sir, you are witness to th' arrest."
"Aye marry, Sir, I'll do my best."
The mob huzzas. Away they trudge,
Culprit and all, before the judge.
Meanwhile I luckily enough
(Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.

ADDRESSED TO MISS ——

ON READING

THE PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

[1762.]*

And dwells there in a female heart,
By bounteous heav'n design'd
The choicest raptures to impart,
To feel the most refin'd—

Dwells there a wish in such a breast
Its nature to forego,
To smother in ignoble rest
At once both bliss and woe!

Far be the thought, and far the strain,
Which breathes the low desire,
How sweet soe'er the verse complain,
Tho' Phœbus string the lyre.

* For Mrs. Greville's Ode, see Annual Register, vol. v. p. 202.

Come then, fair maid (in nature wise)
Who, knowing them, can tell
From gen'rous sympathy what joys
The glowing bosom swell:

In justice to the various pow'rs
Of pleasing, which you share,
Join me, amid your silent hours,
To form the better pray'r.

With lenient balm may *Ob'ryon* hence
To fairy-land be driv'n,
With ev'ry herb that blunts the sense
Mankind receiv'd from heav'n.

"Oh! if my Sov'reign Author please,
Far be it from my fate
To live, unblest, in torpid ease,
And slumber on in state.

Each tender tie of life defied
Whence social pleasures spring,
Unmov'd with all the world beside,
A solitary thing—"

Some Alpine mountain, wrapt in snow,
Thus braves the whirling blast,
Eternal winter doom'd to know,
No genial spring to taste.

In vain warm suns their influence shed,
The zephyrs sport in vain,
He rears unchang'd his barren head,
Whilst beauty decks the plain.

What tho' in scaly armour drest,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe—in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fix'd by Heav'n's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from *Sympathy*.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
The sordid never know;
And ecstasy attends the tear
When virtue bids it flow.

For when it streams from that pure source
No bribes the heart can win,
To check, or alter from its course,
The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of sullen elves,
Who, if from labour eas'd,
Extend no care beyond themselves,
Unpleasing and unpleas'd.

Let no low thought suggest the pray'r,
Oh! grant, kind Heav'n, to me,
Long as I draw ethereal air,
Sweet sensibility.

Where'er the heav'nly nymph is seen,
With lustre-beaming eye,
A train, attendant on their Queen,
(Her rosy chorus) fly.

The jocund Loves in Hymen's band,
With torches ever bright,
And gen'rous Friendship hand in hand,
With Pity's watry sight.

The gentler virtues too are join'd
In youth immortal warm;
The soft relations, which, combin'd,
Give life her ev'ry charm.

The Arts come smiling in the close,
And lend celestial fire;
The marble breathes, the canvass glows,
The Muses sweep the lyre.

"Still may my melting bosom cleave
To suff'rings not my own,
And still the sigh responsive heave
Where'er is heard a groan.

So Pity shall take Virtue's part,
Her natural ally,
And fashioning my soften'd heart,
Prepare it for the sky."

This artless vow may Heav'n receive,
And you, fond Maid, approve:
So may your guiding angel give
Whate'er you wish or love.

So may the rosy-finger'd Hours
Lead on the various year,
And ev'ry joy, which now is yours,
Extend a larger sphere.

And suns to come, as round they wheel,
Your golden moments bless
With all a tender heart can feel,
Or lively fancy guess.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII, LINE 18.

Thus Italy was moved—nor did the chief
Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
On every side his anxious thought he turns,
Restless, unfixt, not knowing what to chuse.
And as a cistern that in brim of brass

Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun
Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
The quiv'ring light now flashes on the walls,
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
Such were the wav'ring motions of his mind.
'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest.
The birds, the bleating flocks, were heard no more.
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
The Father of his country sought repose.
When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs
Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd:
And these his gracious words to sooth his care:
"Heav'n-born, who bring'st our kindred home again,
Rescued, and giv'st eternity to Troy,
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
Expected thee; behold thy fixt abode.
Fear not the threats of war, the storm is pass'd,
The gods appeas'd. For proof that what thou hear'st
Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,

A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,
Shall greet thy wond'ring eyes. Mark well the place;
For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils:
There, twice ten years elaps'd, fair Alba's walls
Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach
The means t' accomplish these events at hand.
Th' Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,
Following Evander's standard and his fate,
High on these mountains, a well-chosen spot,
Have built a city, for their Grandsire's sake
Named Pallanteum. These, perpetual war
Wage with the Latians: join'd in faithful league
And arms confed'rate, add them to your camp.
Myself between my winding banks will speed
Your well-oar'd barks to stem th' opposing tide.
Rise, goddess-born, arise; and with the first
Declining stars, seek Juno in thy pray'r,
And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
When conquest crowns thee, then remember *Me*.
I am the Tiber, whose cærulean stream
Heav'n favours: I with copious flood divide
These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads:
My mansion, This—and lofty cities crown
My fountain-head."—He spoke, and sought the deep,

And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.
Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,
And rising, with uplifted eye beheld
The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd
The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies:
"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the source
Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,
O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,
At length afford, a shelter from my woes.
Where'er in secret cavern under ground
Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,
Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,
My off'rings and my vows shall wait thee still:
Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,
Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."
He said, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.
When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,
The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,
Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.
That livelong night old Tiber smooth'd his flood,
And so restrain'd it, that it seem'd to stand

Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,
That not a billow might resist their oars.
With cheerful sound of exhortation soon
Their voyage they begin; the pitchy keel
Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet stream
Admires th' unwonted burthen that it bears,
Well polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.
Beneath the shade of various trees, between
Th' umbrageous branches of the spreading groves,
They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night
They slack their course, unwinding as they go
The long meanders of the peaceful tide.
The glowing sun was in meridian height,
When from afar they saw the humble walls,
And the few scatter'd cottages, which now
The Roman pow'r has equall'd with the clouds;
But such was then Evander's scant domain.
They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.
It chanced th' Arcadian monarch on that day,
Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
Alcides and his tutelary gods.
Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief
Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,

His poor but venerable senate, burnt
Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.
Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,
Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.
But Pallas undismay'd, his jav'lin seiz'd,
Rush'd to the bank, and from a rising ground
Forbad them to disturb the sacred rites.
"Ye stranger youth! What prompts you to explore
This untried way? and whither do ye steer?
Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"
Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth
The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies:
"Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,
Whom they with unprovok'd hostilities
Have driv'n away, thou see'st. We seek Evander—
Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs
Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."
Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,
And "Whosoe'er thou art," he cried, "come forth;
Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,
And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."
He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast:

Then led him from the river to the grove,
Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:
" Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow
(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth
In sign of amity this peaceful branch,
I fear'd thee not, altho' I knew thee well
A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,
And kinsman of th' Atridæ. Me my virtue,
That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,
Our kindred families allied of old,
And thy renown diffused thro' ev'ry land,
Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,
And send me not unwilling to thy shores.
Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,
(So say the Greeks) was fair Electra's son;
Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
Whose shoulders high sustain th' æthereal orbs.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,
Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
Atlas of yore, the self-same Atlas, claim'd
His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
Thy race and ours one common sire confess.
With these credentials fraught, I would not send

Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
And win thee by degrees—but came myself—
Me therefore, me thou seest; my life the stake:
'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.
Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
Prevail to conquer *us*, nought then, they think,
Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,
All theirs, from th' upper to the nether sea.
Take then our friendship, and return us thine.
We too have courage, we have noble minds,
And youth well tried, and exercis'd in arms."
Thus spoke Æneas—He with fixt regard
Survey'd him speaking, features, form, and mien.
Then briefly thus—"Thou noblest of thy name,
How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!
In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,
Thy voice, thy count'nance. For I well remember,
Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth
To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
Hesione, his sister, he push'd on
E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then
The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;
Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much

Their king, the son of great Laomedon,
But most Anchises, tow'ring o'er them all.
A youthful longing seiz'd me to accost
The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,
And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,
A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
A robe inwove with gold, with gold imboss'd,
Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
The friendly league thou hast solicited
I give thee therefore, and to-morrow all
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate
These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,
And be at once familiar at our board."

He said, and bade replace the feast removed;
Himself upon a grassy bank disposed:
The crew, but for Æneas order'd forth
A couch spread with a lion's tawny shag,
And bade him share the honours of his throne.
Th' appointed youth with glad alacrity
Assist the lab'ring priest to load the board.
With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beeves,

Well-kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well pleas'd,
Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
On the huge length of a well pastur'd chine.
Hunger appeas'd, and tables all despatch'd,
Thus spake Evander: "Superstition here,
In this our solemn feasting, has no part.
No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger sav'd,
In gratitude this worship we renew.
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
Those bulks of broken stone dispers'd around,
How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,
And what a ruin spreads th' incumber'd plain.
Within this pile, but far within, was once
The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form
That shunn'd the day, half monster and half man.
Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground
Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
Vulcan begot the brute: vast was his size,
And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.
But the day came that brought us what we wish'd,
Th' assistance and the presence of a God.
Flush'd with his vict'ry and the spoils he won
From triple-form'd Geryon lately slain,

The great avenger, Hercules, appear'd.
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail
He dragg'd them to his den, that, there conceal'd,
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
And now his herd with provender sufficed,
Alcides would be gone: they as they went
Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods
And, distant hills resound: when hark! one ox,
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
Then fury seiz'd Alcides, and his breast
With indignation heav'd: grasping his club
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain-top
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,
And dread, increasing, wing'd him as he went.
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate,
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,

He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,
Then grappled it with iron work within,
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge
Came Hercules; he gnashed his teeth with rage,
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around
In quest of entrance. Firy red and stung
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain,
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,
Threat'ning the stream below, he from the right
Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro
He shook the mass, loos'ning its lowest base;
Then shov'd it from its seat; down fell the pile;
Sky thunder'd at the fall; the banks give way,
Th' affrighted stream flows upward to his source.
Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance

Earth yawning to the centre should disclose
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
Loath'd by the Gods, such would the gulf appear,
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
The monster braying with unusual din
Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
To see such sudden inroads of the light,
Alcides press'd him close with what at hand
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
Of mill-stone size. He, (for escape was none)
Wond'rous to tell! forth from his gorge discharg'd
A smoky cloud that darken'd all the den;
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain
The smoth'ring vapour mixt with firy sparks.
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
The hero, more provoked, endur'd not this,
But with a headlong leap he rush'd to where
The thickest cloud envelop'd his abode.
There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
Till crush'd within his arms, the monster shows
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down
The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
Lies open; and th' imprison'd bulls, the theft

He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
By th' heels the miscreant carcass is dragg'd forth,
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence
This festal day, Potitius first enjoin'd
Posterity these solemn rites, he first
With those who bear the great Pinarian name
To Hercules devoted, in the grove
This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest
By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.
Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows
In praise of such deliv'rance, and hold forth
The brimming cup; your deities and ours
Are now the same, then drink, and freely too.
So saying, he twisted round his rev'rend locks
A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd
His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
At once all pour libations on the board,
All offer pray'r. And now the radiant sphere
Of day descending, eventide drew near.
When first Potitius with the priests advanc'd,
Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.

High piled with meats of sav'ry taste, they ranged
The chargers, and renewed the grateful feast.
Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,
Circling the blazing altars; here the youth
Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
The rev'rend seers responsive; praise they sung,
Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds;
How first with infant gripe two serpents huge
He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
How Troja and Oechalia he destroy'd,
Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
Beneath Eurystheus, (so his step-dame will'd)
Achiev'd victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair,
Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,
Thou slew'st the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
An the vast lion of the Nemean rock.
Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,
Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.
Thee no abhorred form, not e'en the vast
Typhœus could appal, tho' clad in arms.
Hail, true born son of Jove, among the Gods
At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,
Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs:—
Thus hymn'd the chorus; above all they sing

The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breath'd.
The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.
The rites perform'd, all hasten to the town.
The king, bending with age, held as he went
Æneas, and his Pallas by the hand,
With much variety of pleasing talk
Short'ning the way. Æneas, with a smile,
Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful scene,
And many a question asks, and much he learns
Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.
Then spake Evander. These extensive groves
Were once inhabited by fauns and nymphs
Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
The steer, with forecast provident to store
The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,
But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,
Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
An exile from Olympus, and expell'd
His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,
First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
This herd of men untractable and fierce,

And gave them laws: and call'd his hiding place
This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
His land possess'd, the golden age was then,
So famed in story; till by slow degrees
Far other times, and of far diff'rent hue,
Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
From Sicily, and Latium often changed
Her master and her name. At length arose
Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form
Was chief; and we Italians since have call'd
The river by his name; thus Albula
(So was the country call'd in ancient days)
Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
An exile, thro' the dang'rous ocean driv'n,
Resistless fortune and relentless fate
Placed where thou see'st me. Phœbus, and
The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
Attendant on my wand'rings, fixt me here.

[*Ten lines omitted.*]

He said, and shew'd him the Tarpeian rock,
And the rude spot, where now the Capitol

Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet e'en then
The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe;
The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top
Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.
Th' Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,
That they have often seen him, shaking here
His gloomy Ægis, while the thunder-storms
Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
Behold that ruin; those dismantled walls,
Where once two towns, Ianiculum— —,
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath
The roof of poor Evander; thence they saw,
Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.
Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,
Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.
Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,
Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.

So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,
And plac'd him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,
Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[*The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.*]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd,
Awaken'd by the gentle dawn of day,
And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves
Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,
And his good sword well-girded to his side,
A panther's skin dependent from his left,
And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
Thus was he clad. Two mastives follow'd him,
His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

OVID. TRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

Scribis, ut oblectem.

You bid me write t' amuse the tedious hours,
And save from with'ring my poetic pow'rs:
Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
From the free mind, not fetter'd down by woe;

Restless amidst unceasing tempests tost,
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain,
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?
Does grief or study most befit the mind
To this remote, this barb'rous nook confin'd?
Could you impart to my unshaken breast
The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
For what is human strength to wrath divine?
Wise as he was, and Heav'n pronounc'd him so,
My suff'rings would have laid that wisdom low.
Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And e'en th' offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil impov'rish'd by neglect;
Unexercis'd and to his stall confin'd,
The fleetest racer would be left behind;

The best built bark that cleaves the wat'ry way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius, and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse constrain'd to move with measur'd feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame,
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because that world approv'd my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again?
No, let the Nine th' ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,
And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
The victim of my own pernicious art,
Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
And shipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again.

Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
None to consult, and none to understand.
The purest verse has no admirers here,
Their own rude language only suits their ear.
Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
I learn it, and almost unlearn my own—
Yet to say truth, e'en here the Muse disdains
Confinement, and attempts her former strains,
But finds the strong desire is not the pow'r,
And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.
A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
And tho' unworthy finds a friend at Rome;
But oh the cruel art, that could undo
Its vot'ry thus! would that could perish too!

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON A FACT,

WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY 1779.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,
There dwelt a wretch, who breath'd but to blaspheme;
In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread.

When on a day, emerging from the deep,
A sabbath-day, (such sabbaths thousands keep!)
The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock—whose blood might win him more;
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind
Were but for battle and for death design'd;
As if the consecrated hours were meant
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent;
It chanc'd (such chances Providence obey)
He met a fellow-lab'rer on the way,
Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd;
But now the savage temper was reclaim'd,
Persuasion on his lips had taken place;
For all plead well who plead the cause of grace.
His iron-heart with Scripture he assail'd,
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
Swift, as the lightning-glimpse, the arrow flew.
He wept; he trembled; cast his eyes around,
To find a worse than he; but none he found.
He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel.
Grace made the wound, and grace alone could heal.
Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies!
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.

That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,
Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.
The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
Learn'd, by his alter'd speech—the change divine!
Laugh'd when they should have wept, and swore the day
Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.
'No (said the penitent:) such words shall share
'This breath no more; devoted now to pray'r.
'O! if thou see'st (thine eye the future sees)
'That I shall yet again blaspheme, like these;
'Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,
'Ere yet this heart relapses into steel;
'Now take me to that Heaven I once defied,
'Thy presence, thy embrace!'—He spoke and died!

TRANSLATION
OF A
SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.
[June 1780.]

'So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
'Ascending,' &c.

Quales aërii montis de vertice nubes
Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiêrunt,

Cælum hilares abdit, spissâ caligine, vultus:
Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,
Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.

TRANSLATION
OF
DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.

"Three Poets in three distant ages born," &c.

[July 1780.]

Tres tria, sed longè distantia, sæcula vates
Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

TO

THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

[Oct. 1780.]

THAT ocean you have late survey'd,
Those rocks I too have seen,
But I, afflicted and dismay'd,
You tranquil and serene.

You from the flood-controlling steep
Saw stretch'd before your view,
With conscious joy, the threat'ning deep,
No longer such to you.

To me, the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dang'rous coast,
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore;
I, tempest-toss'd, and wreck'd at last,
Come home to port no more.

LOVE ABUSED.

WHAT is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows:
But ah, if from the dykes and drains
Of sensual nature's fev'rish veins,
Lust, like a lawless headstrong flood,
Impregnated with ooze and mud,
Descending fast on every side
Once mingles with the sacred tide,
Farewell the soul-enliv'ning scene!
The banks that wore a smiling green,
With rank defilement overspread,
Bewail their flow'ry beauties dead.
The stream polluted, dark, and dull,
Diffus'd into a Stygian pool,

Through life's last melancholy years
Is fled with overflowing tears:

Complaints supply the zephyr's part,
And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN, Dec. 17, 1781.

Dear Anna—between friend and friend,
Prose answers every common end;
Serves, in a plain and homely way,
T' express th' occurrence of the day;
Our health, the weather, and the news;
What walks we take, what books we choose;
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind.

But when a poet takes the pen,
Far more alive than other men,
He feels a gentle tingling come
Down to his finger and his thumb,
Deriv'd from nature's noblest part,
The centre of a glowing heart;

And this is what the world, who knows
No flights above the pitch of prose,
His more sublime vagaries slighting,
Denominates an itch for writing.
No wonder I, who scribble rhyme
To catch the triflers of the time,
And tell them truths divine and clear,
Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear;
Who labour hard to allure and draw.
The loiterers I never saw,
Should feel that itching, and that tingling,
With all my purpose intermingling,
To your intrinsic merit true,
When call'd t' address myself to you.

Mysterious are His ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour,
When minds, that never met before,
Shall meet, unite, and part no more:
It is th' allotment of the skies,
The hand of the Supremely Wise,
That guides and governs our affections,
And plans and orders our connexions:
Directs us in our distant road,
And marks the bounds of our abode.

Thus we were settled when you found us,
Peasants and children all around us,
Not dreaming of so dear a friend,
Deep in the abyss of Silver-End.*
Thus Martha, e'en against her will,
Perch'd on the top of yonder hill;
And you, though you must needs prefer
The fairer scenes of sweet Sancerre,†
Are come from distant Loire, to choose
A cottage on the banks of Ouse.
This page of Providence quite new,
And now just op'ning to our view,
Employs our present thoughts and pains
To guess, and spell, what it contains:
But day by day, and year by year,
Will make the dark ænigma clear;
And furnish us, perhaps, at last,
Like other scenes already past,
With proof, that we, and our affairs,
Are part of a Jehovah's cares:
For God unfolds by slow degrees
The purport of his deep decrees;

* An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper, which faced the market-place.

† Lady Austen's residence in France.

Sheds every hour a clearer light
In aid of our defective sight;
And spreads, at length, before the soul,
A beautiful and perfect whole,
Which busy man's inventive brain
Toils to anticipate, in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known
The beauties of a rose full blown,
Could you, tho' luminous your eye,
By looking on the bud, descry,
Or guess, with a prophetic power,
The future splendor of the flower?
Just so, th' Omnipotent, who turns
The system of a world's concerns,
From mere minutiæ can educe
Events of most important use;
And bid a dawning sky display
The blaze of a meridian day.
The works of man tend, one and all,
As needs they must, from great to small;
And vanity absorbs at length
The monuments of human strength.
But who can tell how vast the plan
Which this day's incident began?

Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion
For our dim-sighted observation;
It pass'd unnotic'd, as the bird
That cleaves the yielding air unheard,
And yet may prove, when understood,
An harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call
Friendship a blessing cheap or small:
But merely to remark, that ours,
Like some of Nature's sweetest flowers,
Rose from a seed of tiny size,
That seem'd to promise no such prize;
A transient visit intervening,
And made almost without a meaning,
(Hardly the effect of inclination,
Much less of pleasing expectation)
Produc'd a friendship, then begun,
That has cemented us in one;
And plac'd it in our power to prove,
By long fidelity and love,
That Solomon has wisely spoken;
"A threefold cord is not soon broken."

FROM A

LETTER TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

Late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth,

[Dated May 28, 1782.]

Says the Pipe to the Snuff-box, I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—
You would think that the wise men of Greece were all there,
Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men of Gotham.

My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance where'er you appear;
There is nothing but sniv'ling and blowing of noses,
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear.

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,
And op'ning his mouth with a smile quite engaging,
The Box in reply was heard plainly to say,
What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim,
You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian weed,
And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,
The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus,
We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
But of any thing else they may chuse to put in us.

THE

COLUBRIAD.

[1782.]

Close by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
Three kittens sat; each kitten look'd aghast.
I passing swift, and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;

Not much concern'd to know what they did there;
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caus'd me to stop, and to exclaim "What's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
With which well arm'd I hasten'd to the spot,
To find the viper, but I found him not.
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only, that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill,
Has slipp'd between the door, and the door sill;
And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard:"

For long ere now it should have been rehears'd,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
E'en there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat,
That was of age to combat with a rat;
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

ON

FRIENDSHIP.

Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest.—*Cicero.*

[1782.]

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

But, as the gem of richest cost
Is ever counterfeited most,
So, always, imitation
Employs the utmost skill she can
To counterfeit the faithful man,
The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe—
But long experience speaks me clear;

Therefore, that censure scorning,
I will proceed to mark the shelves
On which so many dash themselves,
And give the simple warning.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,
Will trust to any fair outside:
An error soon corrected;
For who, but learns, with riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies;
Lest, thus deluded by our eyes,
And taking trash for treasure,

We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude
Friendship imaginary good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition, rather rare,
Is yet no subject of despair;
Nor should it seem distressful
If, either on forbidden ground,
Or, where it was not to be found,
We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test
That stands on sordid interest
And mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart
Himself well furnish'd for the part,
And ready on occasion
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For 'tis an union that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion:
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
With hope of permanent delight:
The secret just committed
They drop through mere desire to prate,
Forgetting its important weight,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As Envy pines at good possess'd,
So Jealousy looks forth distress'd
On good that seems approaching;

And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name
(Unless belied by common fame)
Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
So much of loss to their own praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And tell you, 'twas a special jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tatlers; keep your ear
Close stopt against the tales they bear,
Fruits of their own invention;
The separation of chief friends
Is what their kindness most intends;
Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship that wantonly admits
A joco-serious play of wits
In brilliant altercation,
Is union such as indicates,
Like hand-in-hand insurance-plates,
Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as the needle to the pole;
Yet shifting, like the weather,
The needle's constancy forego
For any novelty, and show
Its variations rather.

Insensibility makes some
Unseasonably deaf and dumb,
When most you need their pity;
'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,
Those playthings of the city.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete:
Th' attempt would scarce be madder,

Should any, from the bottom, hope
At one huge stride to reach the top
Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Such as of salts with lemon-juice,
But which is rarely known t' induce,
Like that, a coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life:
But even those, who differ
Only on topics left at large,
How fiercely will they meet and charge!
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove, alas! my main intent,
Needs no great cost of argument,
No cutting and contriving;
Seeking a real friend, we seem
T' adopt the chymist's golden dream
With still less hope of thriving.

Then judge, or ere you choose your man,
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
See that no disrespect of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,
An Architect requires alone,
To finish a great building;
The palace were but half complete,
Could he by any chance forget
The carving and the gilding.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First rivets our attention;
So, manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

The man who hails you Tom—or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,

Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon, or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—
"Say little, and hear all you can;"
Safe policy, but hateful.
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

They whisper trivial things, and small;
But to communicate at all
Things serious, deem improper;
Their feculence and froth they show,
But keep the best contents below,
Just like a simm'ring copper.

These samples (for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmention'd)
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
However well-intention'd.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find
A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind
To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

True friendship has, in short, a grace
More than terrestrial in its face;
That proves it Heav'n-descended:
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor, when sincerest, so secure
To last till life is ended.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

To the March in Scipio.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

[*September* 1782.]

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEORGIUS REGALE NOMEN INDITUM.

Plangimus fortes. Perière fortes,
Patrium propter perière littus
Bis quatèr centum; subitò sub alto
Æquore mersi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,
Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,
Cùm levis, funes quatiens, ad imum
Depulit aura.

Plangimus fortes. Nimis, heu, caducam
Fortibus vitem voluêre parcæ,
Nec sinunt ultrà tibi nos recentes
Nectere laurus.

Magne, qui nomen, licèt incanorum,
Traditum ex multis atavis tulisti!
At tuos olim memorabit ævum
Omne triumphos.

Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,
Non mari in clauso scopuli latentes,
Fissa non rimis abies, nec atrox
Abstulit ensis.

Navitæ sed tum nimium jocosi
Voce fallebant hilari laborem,
Et quiescebat, calamoque dextram im-
pleverat heros.

Vos, quibus cordi est grave opus piumque,
Humidum ex alto spolium levate,
Et putrescentes sub aquis amicos
Reddite amicis!

Hi quidem (sic dîs placuit) fuêre:
Sed ratis, nondùm putris, ire possit
Rursùs in bellum, Britonumque nonem
Tollere ad astra.

SONG.

ON PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1783, AT THE REQUEST OF LADY AUSTEN, WHO GAVE THE SENTIMENT.

Air—"My fond shepherds of late," &c.

No longer I follow a sound;
No longer a dream I pursue:
O happiness! not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste;

I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope
The voice of true wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love;
But rapture and bliss are confin'd
To the glorified spirits above.

SONG.

ALSO WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF LADY AUSTEN.

Air—"The Lass of Pattie's Mill."

When all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease,
The livelong day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve,
With open hand she showers

Fresh blessings, to deceive
And sooth the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously array'd
In nature's various robe,
With wondrous skill display'd,
Is to a mourner's heart
A dreary wild at best;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

VERSES

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM ENTITLED

VALEDICTION.

[*Nov.* 1783.]

Oh Friendship! Cordial of the human breast!
So little felt, so fervently profess'd!
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years;
The promise of delicious fruit appears:
We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,
Such is the folly of our dreaming youth;
But soon, alas! detect the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loves to make;
And view with tears th' expected harvest lost,
Decay'd by time, or wither'd by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
Should be renew'd in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
He may be call'd to give up health and gain,
T' exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.

The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on, is most sure to fail;
And, summon'd to partake its fellow's wo,
Starts from its office like a broken bow.
Vot'ries of business, and of pleasure, prove
Faithless alike in friendship, and in love.
Retir'd from all the circles of the gay,
And all the crowds that bustle life away,
To scenes, where competition, envy, strife,
Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life,
Let me, the charge of some good angel, find
One who has known, and has escap'd mankind;
Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away
The manners, not the morals, of the day:
With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have known
No firmer friendships than the fair have shown)
Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,
All former friends forgiven, and forgot,
Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,
Union of hearts, without a flaw between.
'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,
If God give health, that sunshine of our days!
And if he add, a blessing shared by few,
Content of heart, more praises still are due—

But if he grant a friend, that boon possess'd
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest;
And giving one, whose heart is in the skies,
Born from above and made divinely wise,
He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,
Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,
Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,
A soul, an image of himself, and therefore true.

IN BREVITATEM VITÆ SPATII HOMINIBUS CONCESSI.

By Dr. Jortin.

Hei mihi! Lege ratâ sol occidit atque resurgit,
Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ,
Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni,
Graminis herba virens, et florum picta propago,
Quos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque sereni
Temperies anni, fœcundo è cespite surgunt.
Nos domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,
Cum brève ver vitæ robustaque transiit ætas,
Deficimus; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
Reddit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.

ON THE

SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

[*January* 1784.]

Suns that set, and moons that wane,
Rise, and are restor'd again;
Stars that orient day subdues,
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of Earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas! Earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop, and fade, in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,
And rival in lustre of that
In which, or astronomy lies,
Fair Cassiopeïa sat:

These carpets, so soft to the foot,
Caledonia's traffic and pride!
Oh spare them, ye knights of the boot,
Escap'd from a cross-country ride!
This table and mirror within,
Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
And periwig nicely adjust:

This moveable structure of shelves,
For its beauty admired and its use,
And charged with octavos and twelves,
The gayest I had to produce;
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,
My poems enchanted I view,
And hope, in due time, to behold
My Iliad and Odyssey too:

This china, that decks the alcove,
Which here people call a buffet,

But what the gods call it above,
Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet:
These curtains, that keep the room warm
Or cool, as the season demands,
Those stoves that for pattern and form,
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

All these are not half that I owe
To One, from our earliest youth
To me ever ready to show
Benignity, friendship, and truth;
For Time, the destroyer declar'd,
And foe of our perishing kind,
If even her face he has spar'd,
Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compass'd about with the goods
And chattels of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
In many such fancies as these;
And fancies I fear they will seem—
Poets' goods are not often so fine;
The poets will swear that I dream
When I sing of the splendour of mine.

THE FLATTING-MILL.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

When a bar of pure silver or ingot of gold
Is sent to be flatted or wrought into length,
It is pass'd between cylinders often, and roll'd
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortur'd and squeez'd, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show,
Like music it tinkles and rings in your ears,
And warm'd by the pressure is all in a glow.

This process achiev'd, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of a gold-beater's mallet,
And at last is of service in sickness or pain
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas for the Poet! who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill—
His head and his heart are both likely to ache
With the double employment of mallet and mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile, and even, his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
As the leaf that enfolds what an invalid swallows;
For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless you adorn it, a nausea follows.

LINES,

COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF

ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH,

BY HIS NEPHEW WILLIAM OF WESTON.

[*June* 1788.]

FAREWELL! endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;

In life's last stage, (O blessings rarely found!)
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd;
Through every period of this changeful state
Unchang'd thyself—wise, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter, and lest this should seem
O'ercharg'd with praises on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppress,
Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.

ON THE
QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON,
THE NIGHT OF THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH, 1789.

When, long sequester'd from his throne,
George took his seat again,
By right of worth, not blood alone,
Entitled here to reign,

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps
New trimm'd, a gallant show!
Chasing the darkness and the damps,
Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets or squares,
Which form'd the chief display,
These most resembling cluster'd stars,
Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
And rockets flew, self-driven,
To hang their momentary fires
Amid the vault of Heav'n.

So fire with water to compare,
The ocean serves, on high
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
T' express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world
In one procession join'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
That heralds e'er design'd,

For no such sight had England's Queen
Forsaken her retreat,
Where George, recover'd, made a scene
Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,
A witness undescried,
How much the object of her love
Was lov'd by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er
In aid of her design——
Darkness, O Queen! ne'er call'd before
To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
Resolv'd to be unknown,
And gratify no curious eyes
That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a night like noon she sees,
And hears the million hum;
As all by instinct, like the bees,
Had known their sov'reign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft pourtray'd
On many a splendid wall,
Emblems of health, and heav'nly aid,
And George the theme of all.

Unlike the ænigmatic line,
So difficult to spell,
Which shook Belshazzar at his wine,
The night his city fell.

Soon, wat'ry grew her eyes and dim,
But with a joyful tear,
None else, except in pray'r for him,
George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in every part
Like those in fable feign'd,
And seem'd by some magician's art
Created and sustain'd.

But other magic there, she knew,
Had been exerted none,
To raise such wonders in her view,
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,
And through the cumb'rous throng,
Not else unworthy to be fear'd,
Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene
Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomic eyes
She view'd the sparkling show;
One Georgian star adorns the skies,
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
Like that, once seen, suffice,
Heav'n grant us no such future sight,
Such previous woe the price!

THE

COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

[*May* 1789.]

Muse—hide his name of whom I sing,
Lest his surviving House thou bring
For his sake into scorn,
Nor speak the School from which he drew
The much or little that he knew,
Nor Place where he was born.

That such a man once was, may seem
Worthy of record (if the theme
Perchance may credit win)
For proof to man, what Man may prove,
If grace depart, and demons move
The source of gilt within.

This man (for since the howling wild
Disclaims him, Man he must be styl'd)
Wanted no good below,
Gentle he was, if gentle birth
Could make him such, and he had worth,
If wealth can worth bestow.

In social talk and ready jest
He shone superior at the feast,
And qualities of mind,
Illustrious in the eyes of those
Whose gay society he chose,
Possess'd of ev'ry kind.

Methinks I see him powder'd red,
With bushy locks his well-dress'd head
Wing'd broad on either side,

The mossy rose-bud not so sweet;
His steeds superb, his carriage neat
As lux'ry could provide.

Can such be cruel? Such can be
Cruel as hell, and so was he;
A tyrant entertain'd
With barb'rous sports, whose fell delight
Was to encourage mortal fight
Twixt birds to battle train'd.

One feather'd champion he possess'd,
His darling far beyond the rest,
Which never knew disgrace,
Nor e'er had fought, but he made flow
The lifeblood of his fiercest foe,
The Cæsar of his race.

It chanced at last, when on a day,
He push'd him to the desp'rate fray,
His courage droop'd, he fled.
The Master storm'd, the prize was lost,
And, instant, frantic at the cost,
He doom'd his fav'rite dead.

He seiz'd him fast, and from the pit
Flew to the kitchen, snatch'd the spit,
And, bring me cord, he cried;
The cord was brought, and, at his word,
To that dire implement the bird,
Alive and struggling, tied.

The horrid sequel asks a veil;
And all the terrors of the tale
That can be, shall be sunk—
Led by the suff'rer's screams aright
His shock'd companions view the sight,
And him with fury drunk.

All, suppliant, beg a milder fate
For the old warrior at the grate:
He, deaf to pity's call,
Whirl'd round him rapid as a wheel
His culinary club of steel,
Death menacing on all.

But vengeance hung not far remote,
For while he stretch'd his clam'rous throat
And heav'n and earth defied,

Big with a curse too closely pent,
That struggled vainly for a vent,
He totter'd, reel'd, and died.

'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
To point the judgment of the skies;
But judgments plain as this,
That, sent for Man's instruction, bring
A written label on their wing,
'Tis hard to read amiss.

ON THE

BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY FROM SEA-BATHING

IN THE YEAR 1789.

O Sov'reign of an isle renown'd
For undisputed sway
Wherever o'er yon gulf profound
Her navies wing their way,

With juster claim she builds at length
Her empire on the sea,
And well may boast the waves her strength
Which strength restored to Thee.

42898

HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; - - - - -

See'st thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams, congeal'd, forget to flow,
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth;
Broach the best cask, and make old Winter smile
With seasonable mirth.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest;
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy West.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
When to-morrow's past away,
We at least shall have to say,
We have liv'd another day;
Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 38.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Ling'ring after all the rest:

Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus out-stretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

English Sapphics have been attempted, but with little success, because in our language we have no certain rules by which to determine the quantity. The following version was made merely in the way of experiment how far it might be possible to imitate a Latin Sapphic in English without any attention to that circumstance.

HOR. B. I. ODE 38.

Boy! I detest all Persian fopperies,
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting;
Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
Where latest roses linger.

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

Ease is the weary merchant's pray'r,
Who plows by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
For ease the Thracian hero sighs,
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man, whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,

No fear intrudes on his repose,
  No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-liv'd things, what plans we lay!
  Ah, why forsake our native home!
To distant climates speed away;
  For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
  The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,
Her destin'd quarry ne'er forsakes,
  Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
  Guard well the cheerful, happy Now;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
  No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
  Thy num'rous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
  Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heav'n bestow'd
  A rural mansion, neat and small;

This lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

I make no apology for the introduction of the following lines, though I have never learned who wrote them. Their elegance will sufficiently recommend them to persons of classical taste and erudition, and I shall be happy if the English version that they have received from me, be found not do dishonour them. Affection for the memory of the worthy man whom they celebrate, alone prompted me to this endeavour. W. COWPER.

VERSES

TO THE

MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD,

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION NEXT AFTER HIS DECEASE.

Abiit senex! periit senex amabilis!
Quo non fuit jucundior.
Lugete vos, ætas quibus maturior
Senem colendum præstitit,
Seu quando, viribus valentioribus
Firmoque fretus pectore,
Florentiori vos juventute excolens
Curâ fovebat patriâ,
Seu quando fractus, jamque donatus rude,
Vultu sed usque blandulo,

Miscere gaudebat suas facetias
His annuis leporibus.
Vixit probus, purâque simplex indole,
Blandisque comis moribus,
Et dives æquâ mente—charus omnibus,
Unius * auctus munere.
Ite tituli! meritis beatioribus
Aptate laudes debitas!
Nec invidebat ille, si quibus favens
Fortuna plus arriserat.
Placide senex! levi quiescas cespite,
Etsi superbum nec vivo tibi.
Decus sit inditum, nec mortuo
Lapis notatus nomine.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Our good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,
Whose social converse was, itself, a feast.
O ye of riper age, who recollect
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,

* He was usher and under master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the King.

Both in the firmness of his better day,
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,
And when, impair'd by time and glad to rest,
Yet still with looks in mild complacence drest,
He took his annual seat and mingled here
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.
In morals blameless as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak,
But, happy in whatever state below,
And richer than the rich in being so,
Obtain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed
At length from One,* as made him rich indeed.
Hence, then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,
Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,
The brows of those whose more exalted lot
He could congratulate, but envied not.
Light lie the turf, good Senior! on thy breast,
And tranquil as thy mind was, be thy rest!
Tho', living, thou hadst more desert than fame,
And not a stone, now, chronicles thy name.

* See the note in the Latin copy.

TO

MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON

HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE,

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

[*February* 1790.]

MARIA, could Horace have guess'd
What honour awaited his ode
To his own little volume address'd,
The honour which you have bestow'd;
Who have trac'd it in characters here,
So elegant, even, and neat,
He had laugh'd at the critical sneer
Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer, if you please, he had said,
A nymph shall hereafter arise
Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
The glory your malice denies;
Shall dignity give to my lay,
Although but a mere bagatelle;
And even a poet shall say,
Nothing ever was written so well.

INSCRIPTION

For a Stone erected at the Sowing of a Grove of Oaks at Chillington, the Seat of T. Giffard, Esq. 1790.

[*June* 1790.]

Other stones the era tell,
When some feeble mortal fell;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of Earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost—these oaks or I?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay,
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.

Wanting these, however fast
Man be fixt, and form'd to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

ANOTHER,

For a Stone erected on a similar occasion at the same place in the following year.

[*June* 1790.]

Reader! behold a monument
That asks no sigh or tear,
Though it perpetuate the event
Of a great burial here.

Anno 1791.

HYMN

FOR THE USE OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

[*July* 1790.]

Hear, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
In heaven thy dwelling place,

From infants made the public care
And taught to seek thy face!

Thanks for thy Word and for thy Day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear—but oh impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
Of elder far than we,
What hope that at our heedless age
Our minds should e'er be free?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;

And be thy mercies shower'd on those
Who placed us where it shines.*

STANZAS

On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains of the great Milton,—Anno 1790.

[*August* 1790.]

"Me too, perchance, in future days,
"The sculptur'd stone shall show,
"With Paphian myrtle or with bays
"Parnassian on my brow.

"But I, or ere that season come,
"Escap'd from every care,
"Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
"And sleep securely there.†"

* *Note by the Editor.*—This Hymn was written at the request of the Rev. James Bean, then Vicar of Olney, to be sung by the children of the Sunday Schools of that town, after a Charity Sermon, preached at the Parish Church for their benefit, on Sunday, July 31, 1790.

† Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Pernasside lauri
Fronde comas—At ego secura pace quiescam.
MILTON IN MANSO.

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful Bard, ere long
Ordain'd to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblest
Of wretches, who have dar'd profane
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heav'd the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away!

O ill-requited Bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead.

TO MRS. KING,

ON

Her kind Present to the Author, a Patchwork Counterpane of her own making.

[*August* 14, 1790.]

THE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,
Must sure be quicken'd by a call
Both on his heart and head,
To pay with tuneful thanks the care
And kindness of a Lady fair
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,
On Ida's barren top sublime,
(As Homer's Epic shows)
Compos'd of sweetest vernal flow'rs,
Without the aid of sun or show'rs,
For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,
Is that which in the scorching day
Receives the weary swain

Who, laying his long sithe aside,
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,
'Till rous'd to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see!
Looms numberless have groan'd for me!
Should ev'ry maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The Bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havoc would ensue!
This bright display of ev'ry hue
All in a moment fled!
As if a storm should strip the bow'rs
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flow'rs—
Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks then, to ev'ry gentle Fair
Who will not come to peck me bare
As bird of borrow'd feather,
And thanks to One above them all,
The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,
Who put the whole together.

[October 1790.]

* *Certain potters, while they were busied in baking their ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having heard much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him a present of their commodity and of such other things as they could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as follows:*

PAY me my price, Potters! and I will sing.
Attend, O Pallas! and with lifted arm
Protect their oven; let the cups and all
The sacred vessels blacken well, and, baked
With good success, yield them both fair renown
And profit, whether in the market sold
Or street, and let no strife ensue between us.
But, oh ye Potters! if with shameless front
Ye falsify your promise, then I leave
No mischief uninvok'd t' avenge the wrong.
Come Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabactes come,
And Asbetus, nor let your direst dread,
Omodamus, delay! Fire seize your house,

* *Note by the Editor.*—No Title is prefixed to this piece, but it appears to be a translation of one of the Επιγραμματα of Homer, called Ὁ Καμινος, or the Furnace. The prefatory lines are from the Greek of Herodotus, or whoever was the Author of the Life of Homer ascribed to him.

May neither house nor vestibule escape,
May ye lament to see confusion mar
And mingle the whole labour of your hands,
And may a sound fill all your oven, such
As of a horse grinding his provender,
While all your pots and flagons bounce within.
Come hither also, daughter of the sun,
Circe the Sorceress, and with thy drugs
Poison themselves, and all that they have made!
Come also Chiron, with thy num'rous troop
Of Centaurs, as well those who died beneath
The club of Hercules, as who escaped,
And stamp their crockery to dust; down fall
Their chimney; let them see it with their eyes,
And howl to see the ruin of their art,
While I rejoice; and if a potter stoop
To peep into his furnace, may the fire
Flash in his face and scorch it, that all men
Observe, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

IN MEMORY

OF THE LATE

JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

[*November* 1790.]

Poets attempt the noblest task they can,
Praising the Author of all good in man,
And, next, commemorating Worthies lost,
The Dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore,
Thee, Thornton! worthy in some page to shine,
As honest and more eloquent than mine,
I mourn; or, since thrice happy thou must be,
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.
Thee to deplore, were grief mispent indeed;
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,
That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,
And glory for the virtuous, when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,

Sweet as the privilege of healing wo
By virtue suffer'd combating below?
That privilege was thine; Heav'n gave thee means
T' illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food;
Av'rice, in thee, was the desire of wealth
By rust unperishable or by stealth,
And if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of Heav'n,
Surpassing all that mine or mint had giv'n.
And, tho' God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution boundless of thy own,
And still by motives of religious force
Impell'd thee more to that heroic course,
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat;
And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As in some solitude the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity; no sudden start,
After long sleep, of passion in the heart,
But stedfast principle, and, in its kind,
Of close relation to th' Eternal Mind,
Traced easily to its true source above,
To Him, whose works bespeak his nature, Love.

Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
This record of thee for the Gospel's sake;
That the incredulous themselves may see
Its use and power exemplified in Thee.

THE FOUR AGES

(A BRIEF FRAGMENT OF AN EXTENSIVE PROJECTED POEM.)

[*May* 1791.]

"I COULD be well content, allow'd the use
"Of past experience, and the wisdom glean'd
"From worn-out follies, now acknowledg'd such,
"To recommence life's trial, in the hope
"Of fewer errors, on a second proof!"

Thus, while grey evening lull'd the wind, and call'd
Fresh odours from the shrubb'ry at my side,
Taking my lonely winding walk, I mus'd,
And held accustom'd conference with my heart;
When from within it, thus a voice replied:

"Couldst thou in truth? and art thou taught at length
"This wisdom, and but this, from all the past?
"Is not the pardon of thy long arrear,
"Time wasted, violated laws, abuse
"Of talents, judgments, mercies, better far
"Than opportunity vouchsaf'd to err
"With less excuse, and haply, worse effect?"

I heard, and acquiesc'd: then to and fro
Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,
My grav'lly bounds, from self to human kind
I pass'd, and next consider'd—what is man.

Knows he his origin? can he ascend
By reminiscence to his earliest date?
Slept he in Adam? And in those from him
Through num'rous generations, till he found

At length his destin'd moment to be born?
Or was he not, till fashion'd in the womb?
Deep myst'ries both! which schoolmen must have toil'd
To unriddle, and have left them myst'ries still.

It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst, that unexplor'd he leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where myst'ry lies
Not to be solv'd, and useless, if it might.
Myst'ries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve, and die.

THE

JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

[*May* 1791.]

Two Nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of num'rous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanc'd to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild:
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oft'ner than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice, and roar,
And shake with fury to the ground
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear,
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
The Nymphs referr'd the cause,
Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
And gave misplac'd applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind and soft,
The flippant and the scold,
And though she chang'd her mood so oft,
That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolv'd to err—
In short, the charms her sister had
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the God whom fondly they
Their great Inspirer call,
Was heard, one genial summer's day,
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus ye have combined," he said,
"My fav'rite nymph to slight,
"Adorning May, that peevish maid,
"With June's undoubted right,

" The Minx shall, for your folly's sake,
" Still prove herself a shrew,
" Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
" And pinch your noses blue."

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS

OF

MILTON.

[*Begun September* 1791. *Finished March* 1792.]

TRANSLATIONS

OF

THE LATIN POEMS,

&c. &c.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home;
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,

Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny.
'Tis time that I a pedant's threats disdain;
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would that, exil'd to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless Bard had suffer'd nothing more.
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:
For here I woo the Muse, with no control,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.

The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief.
At times, e'en bitter tears! yield sweet relief,
As, when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day;
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe;
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but, when Spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm that never sun pervades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire,

Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies!
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks, too, more winning sweet than after show'r
Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embrace
Of Jupiter in antient times, give place!
Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast!
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast!
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due;
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,

Outnumbers all her train of starry fires
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says, that, wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
But, lest the sightless boy inforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorc'ry of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhimes though few,
Yet such as prove thy Friend's remembrance true!

ELEGY II.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE AT CAMBRIDGE.

[*Composed by Milton in the 17th year of his age.*]

THEE, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,
Although thyself an herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
By Leda's paramour in antient time;
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or, Æson-like, to know a second prime,
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene with hasty call
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command!
And so Eurybates, when he address'd
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres! whose rig'rous laws
And watchful eyes run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause!
Too often to the Muse not less a foe!
Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,
All ye disciples of the Muses, weep!
Assembling all in robes of sable dye,
Around his bier lament his endless sleep!
And let complaining Elegy rehearse
In every school her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

[Composed in the Author's 17th year.]

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
Making, in thought, the public woes my own,
When, first, arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest!
How Death, his fun'ral torch and sithe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
I next deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies
All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs;
But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
"Death, next in pow'r to Him who rules the dead!

Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field;
That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
And e'en the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine;
That oaks themselves, although the running rill
Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will;
That all the winged nations, even those,
Whose heav'n directed flight the future shows,
And all the beasts that in dark forests stray,
And all the herds of Proteus, are thy prey.
Ah envious! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd!
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home?"

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
Now newly ris'n above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning goal again
Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and, on my couch reclin'd,
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,

Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
Like that of sunrise on the mountain height;
Flow'rs over all the field, of ev'ry hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold;
With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flow'rs,
With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.
Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I that splendour, and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
The Seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture's hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod, a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around:
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all æther rings;

Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
" Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!
My son! henceforth be freed from ev'ry care!"

So spake the voice, and at it's tender close
With psaltry's sound th' angelic band arose;
Then Night retired, and, chas'd by dawning Day,
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR,

THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

[*Written in the Author's 18th year.*]

Hence my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the Gods grant that nothing thwart thy way!

I will myself invoke the king who binds
In his Sicanian echoing vault the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to ensure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;
Or that whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands that line the German coast descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So called, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew!
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forc'd to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear as the Sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth!
Dear as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdained the world he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.

First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd;
And favour'd by the Muse, whom I implor'd,
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the music of his tongue:
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
Aware thyself, that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book;
Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation as he claims from me!
And, with a downcast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak!

"Lo, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.

Long due, and late, I left the English shore;
But make me welcome for that cause the more!
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.
But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?
Self-charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;
From timid foes the lion turns away,
Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey,
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;
And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
And writes at last, by love alone compell'd,
For Fame, too often true, when she alarms,
Reports thy neighbouring-fields a scene of arms;
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
And saturates with blood the tainted ground;

Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
The ever-verdant olive fades and dies,
And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
Flies from that Earth which Justice long had left,
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
Thou dwell'st, and helpless, in a soil unknown;
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
The aid denied thee in thy native land.
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies given
By Providence to guide thy steps to Heav'n?
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name!
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,
When, flying Ahab and his fury wife,
In lone Arabian wilds he shelter'd life;
So from Philippa wander'd forth forlorn
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;

And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage! strive against despair!
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!
Grim war indeed on ev'ry side appears,
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
E'en the defenceless bosom of my friend.
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs
At silent midnight all Assyria's pow'rs,
The same, who overthrew in ages past
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears,
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)
Still hope, and triumph o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home!

ELEGY V.

ON

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's 20th Year.

TIME, never wand'ring from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And Earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new pow'rs of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill;
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends!
Down, and, undepress'd by cumbrous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way;

Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly:
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulphs elude my sight.
But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
Of inspiration—what will it perform?
Spring claims the verse that with his influence glows,
And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, lead'st the throng
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
Civic and sylvan heralds of the spring!

With notes triumphant spring's approach declare!
To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!
The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;
Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway,
And drives her dusky horrors swift away:
Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain
Boôtes follows his celestial wain;
And now the radiant centinels above,
Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,

For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
Now, haply says some shepherd, while he views,
Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,
This night, this, surely, Phœbus miss'd the Fair,
Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora, come—too late
Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate;
Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
The goddess with a blush her love betrays,
But mounts, and, driving rapidly, obeys.
Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and, t' engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze that blows,
Arabia's harvest and the Paphian rose.
Her lofty front she diadems around
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;

Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,
She interweaves, various, and all her own;
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attir'd,
Tænarian Dis himself with love inspir'd.
Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues;
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,
Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love)
She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—"Ah Phœbus, why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews.

The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
No fears I feel like Semele to die,
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou can'st govern them, here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"

Thus breathes the wanton Earth her am'rous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same;
For, Cupid now through every region strays,
Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays;
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and valleys ring;
He, new-attired, and by the season drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
Now, many a golden-cinctur'd virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,

All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song that suits the strain;
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear:
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Silvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
To roam the banks, and solitary dells;
Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing Oread, flies;
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice th' Immortals from above,
And some kind Pow'r presides o'er every grove;
And long, ye Pow'rs, o'er every grove preside.
For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide!

Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
Why choose to dwell where storms and thunder roar?
At least, thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to Night's encroaching, long control!

ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts, to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

With no rich viands overcharg'd, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd friend.
But wherefore should thy Muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.

How pleasant, in thy lines describ'd, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
French spirits k'ndling with cærulean fires,
And all such gambols as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends;
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
The Nine themselves ofttimes have join'd the song,
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies,
And brown with dust the firy courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;

The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend.
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet!
The lute now also sounds, with gold inwrought,
And, touch'd with flying fingers nicely taught,
In tap'stried halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights gay as these may more invite her stay;
And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended pow'rs possest.
For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.

But they, who demi-gods and heroes praise,
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high Heaven explore,
Now shades that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine!
Their youth should pass in innocence secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight;
Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
Melodious Tamar of the savage race!
Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led, of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the syren train;
And through the realms, where grizly spectres dwell,
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell;
For these are sacred bards, and, from above,
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove

Would'st thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear,)
Would'st thou be told my occupation here?
The promised King of peace employs my pen,
Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity with infant cries
Filling the sordid hovel where he lies;
The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more.

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse;
Verse that, reserv'd in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author's 19th Year.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.

"Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim'rous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day,
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night;
When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd
Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats not destitute of fire.

" My power," he said, " by others pain alone,
'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
With those that feel my power, that pow'r attest!
And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled:
Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed transfixt by mine.
But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain.
Thy Muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace ensure,
Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provok'd my laughter more than mov'd my fear.
I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
Careless in city or suburban shade,
And, passing and repassing, nymphs that mov'd
With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
Bright shone the vernal day with double blaze
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a Fair unknown
Met full, unable to control my own.
But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
One—Oh how far superior to the rest!
What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom, when I dar'd
His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd!
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side;
Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
Pierced and transpierced my undefended heart.

A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire;
But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And, while I follow her in thought, bemoan
With tears my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh could I once, once more behold the Fair,
Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear,
Perhaps she is not adamant, would show,
Perhaps, some pity at my tale of woe.
Oh inauspicious flame—tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah spare me, gentle Pow'r!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds and nature disagree.

Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.
Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destin'd mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies that, in earlier days,
By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,
Studious, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,
That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth;
Till Learning taught me in his shady bow'r
To quit Love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame supprest,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

Praise in old time the sage of Prometheus won,
Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the firy bolts of Jove.

[*The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.*]

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.*

Another Leonora once inspir'd
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fir'd;
But how much happier, liv'd he now, were he,
Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee!

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.

Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' tho' his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still, with medicinal sounds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And, sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voic'd Syren buried on thy shore,
That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
For still she lives, but has exchang'd the hoarse
Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains
Of magic song both gods and men detains.

THE

COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
And "Oh," he cried, "that I had liv'd content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."

TO

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH

CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my vet'ran brow,
While following Fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd in thy sight my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, A PHYSICIAN.

Learn, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state!
Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, sav'd by magic song,
Still had liv'd, and equal skill
Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs and drugs a power
To avert man's destin'd hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, Sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still had'st fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race:

Had'st advanc'd to higher fame
Still, thy much-ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
The Tartarean gulph abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread,
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flow'rs that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy shade consign!
Make Elysium ever thine!

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Written in the Author's 17th Year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound,
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind!

At once, a storm of passion heav'd
My boiling bosom, much I griev'd;
But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem
When hated Ibis was his theme;

With less, Archilochus, denied
The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo! while thus I execrate,
Incens'd, the minister of fate,
Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.

"Ah, much deluded! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied!
Art not afraid with sounds like these
T' offend, where thou canst not appease?
Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus?)
The son of Night, and Erebus:
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulfs, where Chaos rules forlorn:
But, sent from God, his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning-light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before th' Eternal Father's face.

But not the wicked—them, severe
Yet just, from all their pleasures here
He hurries to the realms below,
Terrific realms of penal woe!
Myself no sooner heard his call,
Than, scaping through my prison-wall,
I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
To mount on firy wheels to Heav'n.
Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
Appall'd me not; nor to behold
The sword that vast Orion draws,
Or e'en the Scorpion's horrid claws.
Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
And, far beneath my feet, descry
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
Whom her winged dragons draw.
Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
Augmented still as I proceed,
I pass the planetary sphere,
The Milky Way—and now appear
Heav'n's crystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, how the human mind wearies herself
With her own wand'rings, and, involv'd in gloom
Impenetrable, speculative miss!
Measuring, in her folly, things divine
By human; laws inscrib'd on adamant
By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
For ever, by the hours that pass and die.

How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great Parent fix a sterile curse?
Shall even she confess old age, and halt,
And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?

Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulf
The very Heav'ns, that regulate his flight?
And was the Sire of all able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident and heedless haste,
Let slip th' occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, yon arch
Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the poles
Jar in collision, the Olympian king
Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
Down into Lemnos, through the gate of Heav'n.
Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
Phœbus! thy own son's fall shall imitate,
With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
At the extinction of the lamp of day.
Then too, shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
Be shattered, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd
In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer laid

His deep foundations, and, providing well
For the event of all, the scales of Fate
Suspended in just equipoise, and bade
His universal works, from age to age,
One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual, day by day, and with it bears
In social measure swift the heav'ns around.
Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
A downward course, that he may warm the vales;
But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
Sign after sign, through all the heavenly zone.
Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
From odorif'rous Ind, whose office is
To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,
To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
And to discriminate the night and day.
Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes and wanes
Alternate, and with arms extended still
She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.

Nor have the elements deserted yet
Their functions; thunder with as loud a stroke
As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters them.
The east still howls; still the relentless north
Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes
The winter, and still rolls the storms along.
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus; o'er the deep is heard
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
Thou too, thy antient vegetative pow'r
Enjoy'st, O Earth! Narcissus still is sweet;
And Phœbus! still thy favourite, and still
Thy fav'rite Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty; nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the Deep.

Thus in unbroken series all proceeds;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre!

ON

THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

Ye sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou, who in thy grot
Immense, reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge
The archives, and the ord'nances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heav'n,
Eternity!—inform us who is He,
That great original by nature chos'n
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves coæval, one, yet ev'ry where,
An image of the god who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home.
Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell

On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth,
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
To flesh and blood; or whether (as may chance)
That vast and giant model of our kind
In some far distant region of this globe
Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
O'ertow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
The stars, terrific even to the gods.
Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
His best illumination, him beheld
In secret vision; never him the son
Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
Him never knew the Assyrian priest, who yet
The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
And Belus, and Osiris, far renown'd;
Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades
Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd
This monster of the fancy first from tree,

Either recall at once the banish'd bards
To thy republic, or thyself, evinc'd
A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO

HIS FATHER.

Oh that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable Father's sake
All meaner themes renounc'd, my Muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my Father! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work; nor know I aught
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
Though to requite them suitably would ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream

In secret grottos and in laurel bow'rs,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
Bespeaks him animated from above.
The Gods love verse; the infernal Pow'rs themselves
Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
In verse, the Delphic priestess, and the pale
Tremulous Sybil, make the future known;
And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning bull,
And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
To scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.
We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
Our native skies, and one eternal now
Shall be the only measure of our being,
Crown'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
And make the starry firmament resound.

And, even now, the firy Spirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, directs himself
Their mazy dance with melody of verse
Unutt'rable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
Orion, soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
Verse grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, destin'd to the gulf
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lyæus delug'd yet the temp'rate board.
Then sat the Bard a customary guest
To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
The characters of heroes, and their deeds,
To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder-bolt
Not yet produc'd from Ætna's firy cave.
And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear,
And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone

Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
He mov'd; these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and, to imagine vain
And useless, pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
My Father! for thou never bad'st me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on

To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous, and ill observ'd;
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
From city-din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
I speak not now, on more important themes
Intent, of common benefits, and such
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
My Father! who, when I had open'd once
The stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd
The full-ton'd language of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music grac'd the lips of Jove,
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish

Concurring with thy will; Science herself,
All cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
That covet it; what could my Father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.
I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,
And Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth

Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.

But thou! my Father, since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind!
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my Sire
Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO

SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,

MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,
Not less than Diopeia's sprightlier airs,
When in the dance she beats with measur'd tread
Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.

Thus writes that Milton, then, who, wafted o'er
From his own nest on Albion's stormy shore,
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
Sweeps with ungovern'd rage the blasted land,
Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endur'st the languor and the pains
That bile inflicts, diffus'd through all thy veins,
Relentless malady! not mov'd to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice and Lesbian air!

Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine!
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills that melt
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,

That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So sooth'd, the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO

GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise, the Nine,
O Manso! happy in that theme, design,
For, Gallus and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee,

And, if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consign'd (not unaware
How high the charge) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing to the nymphs Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of their's, which thou could'st save,
All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each;
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who, true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
Chill'd by rude blasts that freeze my northern home,
Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.

Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,
O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear;
And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime,
E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,
We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has receiv'd
(If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane
Fri: damsels chosen from the Druid train;
Druids, our native bards in antient time,
Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme!
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,

They name the virgins who arriv'd of yore
With British off'rings on the Delian shore,
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
And Hacaerge, with the golden hair,
All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with boson bare.

Thou, therefore, happy Sage, whatever clime
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,
Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phœbus and the Nine
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventur'd there before.
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green
And thither, oft as respite he requir'd
From rustic clamours loud, the god retir'd.
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,

Won by his hospitable friend's desire
He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Oeta felt his load of forest more;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at that strain.

Well may we think, Oh, dear to all above!
Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindliest pow'r,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
Hence on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years,
Hence in thy front and features we admire
Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.
O might so true a friend to me belong,
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restor'd
Each to his seat around the fed'ral board;

And Oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plund'rers, in triumphant verse!
Then, after all, when, with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent,
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend,
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
Or of Parnassus or the Paphian isle
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
And Virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,
Born to those seats to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul and virtuous fire,
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
And, ev'ry cloud from my pure spirit driv'n,
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n!

ON THE

DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Diodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE Nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
Now through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound
He made the woods and hollow rocks resound,

Young Damon dead; nor even ceas'd to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stor'd at length with all he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return;
And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat
At he elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And from his burthen'd heart he vented thus his wo

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heav'n, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, Oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!

Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls,
And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls;
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot with spirits worthy thine!

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first gave me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue.
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove;
At least, if antient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.

Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went;
Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song who now beguile my way?

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse with innocent delight
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,
While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.

Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields;
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes; my myrtles fail to please;
Nor please me more my flocks: they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibœus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the midday heat.
"Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise;
Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies."—
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return)
" What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah Thyrsis! thou art either craz'd with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through."

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,
And, "Thyrsis!" cry—" what will become of thee?
What wouldst thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!"

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came, to sooth my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope, the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd!

No bonds of amity the flocks enthral,
But each associates, and is pleas'd with all;
So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;
The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom, if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves;
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice.
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows and rugged rocks!

What need so great had I to visit Rome,
Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I t' incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids clos'd,
And, at the last, had said—"Farewell—ascend—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!"

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,

Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care,
While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou hadst found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment underground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wickerwork for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure that I hop'd at hand,

Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
" What hoa! my friend—come, lay thy task aside;
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile,
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing pow'rs of each,
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
And unessay'd before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-ton'd music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I chose—ye groves, farewell!

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires the Armorican controll'd,
And of the wife of Gorloïs, who, surpris'd
By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song:
A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,

Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride)
Two cups that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red Sea shores with groves of spices lin'd;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head
To see Aurora leave her watry bed.
—In other part, th' expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the God of love;
With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
Around his bright and firy eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but, aiming high,
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;

Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

"Thou also, Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee—cease then, my tears, to flow.
Away with grief: on Damon ill-bestow'd!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound)
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,

The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. JOHN ROUSE, LIBRARIAN,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

On a lost Volume of my Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might add them to my other Works deposited in the Library.

THIS Ode is rendered without rhime, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

MY two-fold Book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,

Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little Book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cærulean sire!
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admir'd?

STROPHE 2.

Now what God, or Demigod,
For Britain's antient Genius mov'd
(If our afflicted land

Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degen'rate sons),
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And Discipline with hallow'd voice recal?
Recal the Muses too,
Driv'n from their antient seats
In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing th' unseemly birds,
Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my Book, though thou hast stray'd,
Whether by treach'ry lost,
Or indolent negleot, thy bearer's fault,
From all thy kindred books,
To some dark cell or cave forlorn,
Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
Be comforted—
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou may'st yet escape
The gulphs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores
Giv'n to his care,
But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
In the resplendent temple of his God,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The Muses' fav'rite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
Exulting go,
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,

And thou art sought by my propitious friend;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The antient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me!
Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of pow'r
To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenc'd in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

THE ITALIAN POEMS.

SONNET.

FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
Such strains as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

SONETTO.

Donna leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora;
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s' infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascum a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,
Are flow'rs exotic, which Love waters there.

While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise in verse to British ears unknown,
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;
So Love has will'd, and ofttimes Love has shown
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
Oh that this hard and steril breast might be
To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free!

SONETTO.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
L' avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella,
Che mal si spande a disusata spera,
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera;
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di straniá favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso,
Seppi, ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mai cuor lento, e'l duro seno,
A chi pianta dal ciel, si buon terreno!

CANZONE.

They mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous swains—
And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love songs in language that thou little know'st?
How dar'st thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flow'rs here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—
Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burthen, better far declined?

Speak, Muse! for me—the fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
"This is the language in which Love delights."

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne, e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor, a la tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi:
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi!
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir e il mio cuore:
" Questa è lingua, di cui si vanta Amore."

SONNET.

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
And scoff'd at Love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so:)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign Fair;
A mien majestic, with dark brows that show

The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring Moon;
With such fire-darting eyes, that, should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONETTO.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spreggiar soléa,
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa,
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia virmiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza, che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honésti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne, di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar, che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco,
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

SONNET.

LADY! It cannot be, but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me e'en as Phœbus him whose way
Through horrid Libya's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

SONETTO.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia, chi s'invia:
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien, colma, di rose.

SONNET.

Enamour'd, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by Love's immedicable dart.

SONETTO.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante,
Pio che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle Muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WE[illegible].

[1791.]

Laurels may flourish round the conq'ror's tomb,
But happiest they who win the world to come:
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of Hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

THE RETIRED CAT.

[1791.]

A Poet's Cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,

And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learn'd it of her Master.
Sometimes ascending, debonnair,
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,
She watch'd the gard'ner at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty wat'ring-pot:
There, wanting nothing save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan
Apparell'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change, it seems, has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Expos'd her too much to the wind,

And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wish'd instead of those
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her Master's snug abode.

A draw'r, it chanc'd, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,
A draw'r impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Survey'd the scene, and took possession!
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,

When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast;
By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock (cried Puss)
" Was ever cat attended thus?
" The open draw'r was left, I see,
" Merely to prove a nest for me,
" For soon as I was well composed
" Then came the maid, and it was closed.
" How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
" Oh what a delicate retreat!
" I will resign myself to rest
" Till Sol, declining in the west,
" Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
" Susan will come, and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And Puss remain'd still unattended.
The night roll'd tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening grey again ensued,

And Puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolv'd it should continue there.
At length, a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispell'd his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs explore,

The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In ev'ry cranny but the right.
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cur'd of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stepp'd the Poet into bed
With this reflection in his head.

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence:
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,

Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

YARDLEY OAK.

[1791.]

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of Ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature; and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd when thou wast such? Oh, couldst
thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but, at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and mistated setting right——
Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks
That graz'd it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrouded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roil'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent wens globose—till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charg'd to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain

The force that agitates not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load! *
But the axe spar'd thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest wag'd

* Knee-Timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly sithe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour which had, far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

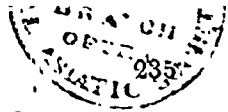
Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind that seems
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The Spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth receiv'd
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,



With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heav'n
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme;....

TO

THE NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,

1792.

WHENCE is it that, amazed, I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practis'd in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou, rather, under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand!

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

But Thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing
To make e'en January charm,
And ev'ry season Spring.

LINES,

Written for insertion in a collection of hand-writings and signatures made by Miss Patty, sister of Hannah More.

[*March* 6, 1792.]

In vain to live from age to age
While modern bards endeavour,
I write my name in Patty's page,
And gain my point for ever.

W. COWPER.

EPITAPH

ON

A free but tame Redbreast, a favourite of Miss Sally Hurdis.

[*March* 1792.]

THESE are not dewdrops, these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears,
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand
As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd, she call'd him, and perplext
She sought him, but in vain—
That day he came not, nor the next,
Nor ever came again.

She therefore rais'd him here a tomb,
Though where he fell, or how,

None knows, so secret was his doom,
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
Nor spiritlessly tame;
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
But always in a flame.

SONNET,

TO

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

[*April* 16, 1792.]

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slav'ry's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.

Thou hast achiev'd a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, Joy springs, and, tho' cold Caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near
That shall remunerate thy toils severe
By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.

Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the Just on earth, and all the Blest above.

EPIGRAM

(Printed in the Northampton Mercury.)

To purify their wine some people bleed
A Lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
To make fine sugar as a *negrô's* blood.
Now *lambs* and *negroes* both are harmless things,
And thence perhaps this wondrous virtue springs,
'Tis in the blood of Innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

TO DR. AUSTIN,

OF CECIL STREET, LONDON.

[*May* 26, 1792.]

AUSTIN! accept a grateful verse from me,
The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee.
Lov'd by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind
Pleasing requital in my verse may find;
Verse oft has dash'd the sithe of time aside,
Immortalizing names which else had died:
And O! could I command the glittering wealth
With which sick kings are glad to purchase health!
Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,
Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
I would not recompense his art with less,
Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend! * I love thee, tho' unknown,
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

* Hayley.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[*June* 2, 1792.]

HAYLEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown
In our first interview, delightful guest!
To Mary, and me for her dear sake distress'd,
Such as it is has made my heart thy own,
Though heedless now of new engagements grown;
For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
And I had purpos'd ne'er to go in quest
Of Friendship more, except with God alone.
But Thou hast won me; nor is God my Foe,
Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
Sent Thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,
My Brother, by whose sympathy I know
Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
Not more t' admire the Bard than love the Man.

CATHARINA:

THE SECOND PART.

On her Marriage to George Courtenay, Esq.

[*June* 1792.]

BELIEVE it or not, as you chuse,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the muse,
And poets are oracles too.
I did but express a desire
To see Catharina at home,
At the side of my friend George's fire,
And lo—she is actually come.

Such prophecy some may despise,
But the wish of a poet and friend
Perhaps is approv'd in the skies,
And therefore attains to its end.
'Twas a wish that flew ardently forth
From a bosom effectually warm'd
With the talents, the graces, and worth
Of the person for whom it was form'd.

Maria * would leave us, I knew,
To the grief and regret of us all,
But less to our grief, could we view
Catharina the Queen of the Hall.
And therefore I wish'd as I did,
And therefore this union of hands
Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
But all cry—Amen—to the bans.

Since therefore I seem to incur
No danger of wishing in vain
When making good wishes for Her,
I will e'en to my wishes again—
With one I have made her a Wife,
And now I will try with another,
Which I cannot suppress for my life—
How soon I can make her a Mother.

* Lady Throckmorton.

AN EPITAPH.

[1792.]

HERE lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire—
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him!
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his Nose.
Neptune was he call'd, not He
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to *Sir John Throckmorton.*

EPITAPH ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON.

[*August* 1792.]

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders One whose bones some honour claim.
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chace—
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He dy'd worn out with vain pursuit of you.

"Yes,"—the indignant shade of Fop replies—
"And worn with vain pursuit Man also dies."

SONNET,

TO

GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

ON

His Picture of me in Crayons, drawn at Eartham in the 61st year of my age, and in the months of August and September 1792.

[*October* 1792.]

ROMNEY, expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvass, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face—
With strokes that time ought never to erase
Thou hast so pencil'd mine, that though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.

But this I mark—that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear.
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear,

For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to Thee?

ON
RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

[*January* 1793.]

In language warm as could be breath'd or penn'd
Thy picture speaks th' Original my Friend,
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—
They only speak thee Friend of all mankind;
Expression here more soothing still I see,
That Friend of *all* a partial Friend to *me*.

EPITAPH
ON
MR. CHESTER, OF CHICHELEY.

[*April* 1793.]

Tears flow, and cease not, where the good man lies,
Till all who knew him follow to the skies.
Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants, weep—
And justly—few shall ever him transcend
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

ON

A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER,

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.

[*Spring of* 1793.]

THRIVE, gentle plant! and weave a bow'r
For Mary and for me,
And deck with many a splendid flow'r
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou cam'st from Eartham, and wilt shade
(If truly I divine)
Some future day th' illustrious head
Of Him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,
And Envy seize the Bay,
Affirming none so fit to crown
Such honour'd brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
And with convincing pow'r;
For why should not the Virgin's Friend
Be crown'd with Virgin's-bow'r?

TO MY COUSIN,

ANNE BODHAM,

ON

Receiving from her a Network Purse, made by herself.

[*May* 4, 1793.]

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of Love;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it;
I, therefore, as a proof of Love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

INSCRIPTION

For an Hermitage in the Author's Garden.

[*May* 179.]

This cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,
Built as it has been in our waning years,
A rest afforded to our weary feet,
Preliminary to—the last retreat.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

[*May* 1793.]

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heav'n as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce giv'n to mortals, new
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or wo I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heav'nly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

TO

JOHN JOHNSON,

ON

His presenting me with an antique Bust of Homer.

[*May* 1793.]

KINSMAN belov'd, and as a son, by me!
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
The sculptur'd form of my old fav'rite bard,
I rev'rence feel for him, and love for thee.
Joy too and grief. Much joy that there should be
Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward
With some applause my bold attempt and hard,
Which others scorn: Critics by courtesy.
The grief is this, that, sunk in Homer's mine,
I lose my precious years, now soon to fail,

Handling his gold, which howsoe'er it shine,
Proves dross when balanced in the Christian scale.
Be wiser thou—like our forefather DONNE,
Seek heav'nly wealth, and work for God alone.

TO
A YOUNG FRIEND,
ON
His arriving at Cambridge wet, when no rain had fallen there.

[*May* 1793.]

IF Gideon's fleece, which drench'd with dew he found
While moisture none refresh'd the herbs around,
Might fitly represent the church endow'd
With heav'nly gifts to Heathens not allow'd;
In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,
Thy locks were wet when others' locks were dry.
Heav'n grant us half the omen—may we see
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee!

A TALE.

[*June* 1793.]

In Scotland's realm where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found,

For Husband there and Wife may boast
Their union undefil'd,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedge-rows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare
The hist'ry chanc'd of late——
This hist'ry of a wedded Pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The Spring drew near, each felt a breast
With genial instinct fill'd;
They pair'd, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd and the moors
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vext and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship?—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush—Silent hearers profit most—.
This racer of the sea
Prov'd kinder to them than the coast,
It serv'd them with a Tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a Mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle pass'd.

Within that cavity aloft
Their roofless home they fix'd,
Form'd with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mix'd.

Four iv'ry eggs soon pave its floor
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had chang'd her kind;
But goes the male? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind.

No—Soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love;

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheer'd her with a song.

The seamen with sincere delight
His feather'd shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honour'd land! a desart where
Not even birds can hide,
Yet parent of this loving pair
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with Man,

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love!

This tale is founded on an article of intelligence, which the author found in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words.

Glasgow, May 23.

"In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock however visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it, but when she descends to the hull for food."

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[*June 29, 1793.*]

DEAR architect of fine CHATEAUX in air,
Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,
Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,
For back of royal elephant to bear!

O for permission from the skies to share,
Much to my own, though little to thy good,
With thee (not subject to the jealous mood!)
A partnership of literary ware!

But I am bankrupt now; and doom'd henceforth,
To drudge, in descant dry, on others' lays;
Bards, I acknowledge, of unequall'd worth!
But what his commentators' happiest praise?

That he has furnish'd lights for other eyes,
Which they who need them use, and then despise.

ON

A SPANIEL,

CALLED BEAU, KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

[*July* 15, 1793.]

A Spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
Well-fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble Man?

BEAU'S REPLY.

Sir, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried—Forbear—but in my breast
A mightier cried—Proceed—
'Twas nature, Sir, whose strong behest
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet, much as nature I respect,
I ventur'd once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting press'd the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destin'd to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience *then* excuse
My disobedience now,
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggriev'd Bow-wow:

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see)
What think you, Sir, of killing Time
With verse address'd to me!

ANSWER

TO

Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh, by Miss Catharine Fanshawe in returning a Poem of Mr. Cowper's, lent to her, on condition she should neither show it, nor take a Copy.

[1793.]

To be remember'd *thus* is fame,
And in the first degree;
And did the *few like her* the same,
The press might sleep for me.

So Homer, in the mem'ry stored
Of many a Grecian belle,
Was once preserv'd—a richer hoard,
But never lodg'd so well.

TO THE SPANISH ADMIRAL

COUNT GRAVINA,

ON

His translating the Author's Song on a Rose into Italian Verse.

[1793.]

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
And, steep'd not now in rain,
But in Castalian streams by You,
Will never fade again.

ON

FLAXMAN'S PENELOPE.

[*September* 1793.]

The suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse,
Whom all this elegance might well seduce;
Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

ON

RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL.

FROM MR. HAYLEY.

[*October* 1793.]

I SHOULD have deem'd it once an effort vain
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,
But from that error now behold me free
Since I receiv'd him as a gift from Thee.

TO MARY.

[*Autumn of* 1793.]

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow——
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

MONTES GLACIALES,

IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.

[*March* 11, 1799.]

En, quæ prodigia, ex oris allata, remotis,
Oras adveniunt pavefacta per æquora nostras!
Non equidem priscæ sæclum rediisse videtur
Pyrrhæ, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes
Et Sylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora
Adsunt, evulsi quando radicitùs alti
In mare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant.
Quid verò hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu?
Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro
Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,
Baccâ cæruleâ, et flammas imitante pyropo.
Ex oriente adsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus
Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu
Ingenti finxêre sibi diademata reges?
Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos

Mercatorum oculos: prius et quàm littora Gangis
Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.
Ortos unde putemus? An illos Ves'vius atrox
Protulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna?
Luce micant propriâ, Phœbive, per aëra purum
Nunc stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent?
Phœbi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis
Appulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,
Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre est
Multâ onerata nive et canis conspersa pruinis.
Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma ferè
omnes
Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo.
Clivorum fluerent in littora prona, solutæ
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,
Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese
Mirum cœpit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum
In glaciem aggestâ sublimes vertice tandem
Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.
Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,
Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,
Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum

Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,
Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam studiosa natandi,
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,
Insula, in Ægæo fluitâsse erratica ponto.
Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum sterilemque.
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam
Deciduâ lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.
At vos, errones horrendi, et caligine digni
Cimmeriâ, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri
Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum!
Ite! Redite! Timete moras; ni lenitèr austro
Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas
Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti!

ON THE ICE ISLANDS,

SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

[*March* 19, 1799.]

What portents, from what distant region ride,
Unseen till now in ours, th' astonish'd tide?
In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
Of sea-calves, sought the mountains and the groves.

But now, descending whence of late they stood,
Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood.
Dire times were they, full charg'd with human woes;
And these, scarce less calamitous than those.
What view we now? More wondrous still! Behold!
Like burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's firy glow.
Come they from India, where the burning Earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found?
No. Never such a countless dazzling store
Had left, unseen, the Ganges' peopled shore.
Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have mark'd and seiz'd the prize.
Whence sprang they then? Ejected have they come
From Ves'vius', or from Ætna's burning womb?
Thus shine they self-illum'd, or but display
The borrow'd splendours of a cloudless day?
With borrow'd beams they shine. The gales, that breathe
Now landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have borne them nearer: and the nearer sight,
Advantag'd more, contemplates them aright.

Their lofty summits crested high, they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow.
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Bleak winter well-nigh saddens all the year,
Their infant growth began. He bade arise
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.
Oft as dissolv'd by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below;
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waste.
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
And long successive ages roll'd the while;
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand,
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
Thus stood, and, unremoveable by skill
Or force of man, had stood the structure still,
But that, tho' firmly fixt, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,
It left the shelving beach—and, with a sound
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,
Self-launch'd, and swiftly, to the briny wave,
As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
Down went the pond'rous mass. So bards of old,
How Delos swam th' Ægean deep, have told.

But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore
Herb, fruit, and flow'r. She, crown'd with laurel, wore,
E'en under wintry skies, a summer smile;
And Delos was Apollo's fav'rite isle.
But, horrid wand'rers of the deep, to you
He deems Cimmerian darkness only due.
Your hated birth he deign'd not to survey,
But, scornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.
Hence, seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air;
Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost!

THE CAST-AWAY.

[*March* 20, 1799.]

Obscurest night involv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away:
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,

The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow:
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them:
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
His destiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
Could catch the sound no more:

For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank

No poet wept him: but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

VINCENT BOURNE.

THRAX.

Threicium infantem, cum lucem intravit et auras,
Fletibus excepit mæstus uterque parens.
Threicium infantem, cum luce exivit et auris,
Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea tu Roma; et tu tibi Græcia plaudens.
Dicitis, hæc vera est Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctus;
Vosque est quod doceat Thraïca barbaries.

THE THRACIAN.

Thracian parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But with undissembled mirth
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
"O the savages!" exclaim,
"Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure, would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA PRIMARIA LEX NATURÆ EST.

Per Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas;
Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.
Lassato tandem fractoque labore viarum,
Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus.
Hanc subit; et placido dederat vix membra sopori
Cum subito immanis rugit ad antra leo;
Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur
Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculsus novitate rei, incertusque timore,
Vix tandem tremulas admovet erro manus;
Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina
Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit:
Continuo dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor:
Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis;
Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat; et affert
Providus assiduas hospes ad antra dapes.

Juxt epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,
Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ?
Vix furor ultoris tristior esset heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare periclis
Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.
Traditur hic, fera facturus spectacula, plebi,
Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.
Irruit e caveis fors idem impastus et acer,
Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo.
Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes amicum
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
Quid vero perculsi animis, stupuere Quirites?
Equid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
Unius naturæ opus est; ea sola furorem
Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

Androcles, from his injur'd lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;

But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs chang'd—arriv'd within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wip'd the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.
Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:
When lo! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.

He flies, but viewing in his purpos'd prey
The man, his heafer, pauses on his way,
And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment, th' assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is nat'ral: nature bade him rend
An ememy; she bids him spare a friend.

MANUALE

Typographiâ omni antiquius, nulli uspiam Librorum insertum Catalogo.

Exiguus liber est, muliebri creber in usu,
Per se qui dici bibliotheca potest.
Copia verborum non est, sed copia rerum;
Copia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.
Rubris consuitur pannis; fors texitur auro;
Bis sexta ad summum pagina claudit opus.
Nil habet a tergo titulive aut nominis; intus
Thesauros artis servat, et intus opes:
Intus opes, qua nympha sinu pulcherrima gestet,
Quas nive candidior tractet ametque manus,

Quando instrumentum præsens sibi postulat usus,
Majusve, aut operis pro ratione, minus.
Et genere et modulo diversa habet arma, gradatim
Digesta, ad numeros attenuata suos.
Primum enchiridii folium majuscula profert,
Qualia quæ blæso est lumine poscat anus.
Quod sequitur folium, matronis arma ministrat,
Dicere quæ magnis proximiora licet.
Tertium, item quartum, quintumque minuscula supplet
Sed non ejusdem singula quæque loci.
Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant;
Quæ sibi conveniant, seligat unde nurus.
Ultima quæ restant quæ multa minutula nympha
Dicit, sunt sexti divitæ folii.
Quantillo in spatio doctrina O quanta latescit!
Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.
Non est interpres, non est commentarius ullus,
Aut index; tam sunt omnia perspicua.
Ætatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem,
Ut nihil auxilii postulet inde liber.
Millia librorum numerat perplura; nec ullum
Bodlæi huic jactat bibliotheca parem.
Millia Cæsareo numerat quoque munere Granta,
Hæc tamen est inter millia tale nihil.

Non est, non istis author de millibus unus,
Cui tanta ingenii vis, vel acumen, inest.

A MANUAL,

More ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to be found in any Catalogue.

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, tho' small;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things num'rous it contains:
And, things with words compar'd,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part;

But all within 'tis richly lin'd,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stor'd,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of ev'ry size,
And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full-charg'd leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,

Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In ev'ry leaf grow less and less;
The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space, is here!
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear!

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or pos'd, whoever reads:
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er!
No book is treasur'd there,
Nor yet in Granta's num'rous store,
That may with this compare.

No!—rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,

Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

ÆNIGMA.

PARVULA res, et acu minor est, et ineptior usu:
Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.
Sed licet exigui pretii minimique valoris,
Ecce, quot artificum postulat illa manus.
Unius in primis cura est conflare metallum;
In longa alterius ducere fila labor.
Tertius in partes resecat, quartusque resectum
Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos,
Est quinti tornare caput, quod sextus adaptet;
Septimus in punctum cudit et exacuit.
His tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes
Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.
Quæ tanti ingenii, quæ tanti est summa laboris?
Si mihi respondes Œdipe, tota tua est.

AN ÆNIGMA.

A NEEDLE small as small can be,
In bulk and use surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procur'd at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their sev'ral tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies;
Who clips in length the brazen thread
For him, who chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob with which it must be crown'd;
His follower makes it fast,
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

Now therefore, Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

PASSERES INDIGENÆ

COL. TRIN. CANT. COMMENSALES.

Incola qui nôrit sedes, aut viserit hospes,
Newtoni egregii quas celebravit honos;
Viditque et meminit, lœtus fortasse videndo,
Quam multa ad mensas advolitârit avis.
Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,
Tecta per et forulos, et tabulata struat,

Ut coram educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,
Et pascat micis, quas det amica manus.
Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulsus
Convocat, haud epulis certior hospes adest.
Continuo jucunda simul vox fertur ad aures,
Vicinos passer quisque relinquit agros,
Hospitium ad notum properatur; et ordine stantes
Expectant panis fragmina quisque sua.
Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior asse
Sumptus per totam pascit alitque diem.
Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam inviderit assem)
Indigenæ, hospitii jure, merentur aves.

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

None ever shar'd the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)

How num'rous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly giv'n, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious list'ners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arriv'd, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;
A single doit would overpay
Th' expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM.

Palpat heram felis, gremio recubans in anili;
Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpat hera.
Ludum lis sequitur; nam totos exerit ungues,
Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.
Continuo exardens gremio muliercula felem
Nec gravibus multis excutit absque minis:
Quod tamen haud æquum est—si vult cum fele jocari,
Felinam debet Lydia ferre jocum.

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike dispos'd to play.

It strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Laughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat, that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest;
It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest
Should bear a kitten's joke.

AD RUBECULAM INVITATIO.

Hospes avis, conviva domo gratissima cuivis,
Quam bruma humanam quærere cogit opem;
Huc O! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo!
Unde tuam esuriem releves, alimenta fenestræ
Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies.
Usu etenim edidici, quod grato alimenta rependes
Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.
Vere novo tepidæ spirant cum molliter auræ,
Et novus in quâvis arbore vernat honos,
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,
Læta quibus resonat Musica, parque tuæ!

Sin iterum, sin forte iterum, inclementia brumæ
Ad mea dilectam tecta reducet avem.
Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu
Pabula, que dederit cunque benigna manus!

Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas
Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis,
Vincula quod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,
Vincula vix longâ dissocianda die.
Captat, et incantat blando oblectamine Musa
Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus;
Nos homines et aves quotcunque animantia vivunt
Nos soli harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

Sweet bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
seek a retreat while he reigns
In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,
I never can seem to intrude,
Tho' in all places equally free,

Come, oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast.
For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing:
And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confest
To flow from a fountain above;

Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?
And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

STRADÆ PHILOMELA.

Pastorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos;
Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos surgis Philomela; sed impar
Viribus, heu, impar, exanimisque cadis.
Durum certamen! tristis victoria! cantum
Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum.

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel
Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dar'd the task, and, rising as he rose,
With all the force that passion gives inspir'd,
Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expir'd.

Thus strength, not skill, prevail'd. O fatal strife,
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won!

ANUS SÆCULARIS,

Quæ justam centum annorum ætatem, ipso die natali, explevit, et clausit anno 1728.

Singularis prodigium O senectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis,
Cujus annorum series in amplum
desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies en!
Computo quam dispare computamus!
Quam tuâ à summâ procul est remota
summula nostra!

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,
Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire,
Nos statim, a cunis cita destinamur
præda sepulchro!

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacis
semina morbi.

Sin brevem possit superare vita
Terminum, quicquid superest, vacivum,
Illud ignavis superest et imbe-
-cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum, minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anheli;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
atque dolores.

Si quis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioso
Ad tuum, fortasse tuum, moretur
reptilis ævum:

At videt, mœstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
ire tenore.

Nil inest rebus novitatis; et quod
Uspiam est nugarum et ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt, et revolvi
circulus ævi.

Integram ætatem tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
Si tuam, saltem vacuam querelis
dimidiemus.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

Who lived one hundred Years, and died on her Birth-day, 1728.

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast,
To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
Frailer and of feebler pow'rs;
We, to narrow bounds confin'd,
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that waste us by degrees,
Some that suddenly destroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn
Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
Dream, and doat, and drivel then?

Fast as moons can wax and wane
Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
Pant with anguish, and complain,
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few, (to few 'tis giv'n)
Ling'ring on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps unev'n
To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accustom'd course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content
Should propitious Heav'n design
Life for us as calmly spent,
Though but half the length of thine.

VICTORIA FORENSIS.

Caio cum Titio lis et vexatio longa
Sunt de vicini proprietate soli.
Protinus ingentes animos in jurgia sumunt,
Utraque vincendi pars studiosa nimis.
Lis tumet in schedulas, et jam verbosior, et jam;
Nec verbum quodvis asse minoris emunt.
Prætereunt menses, et terminus alter et alter;
Quisque novos sumptus, alter et aiter, habent.
Ille querens, hic respondens pendente vocatur
Lite; sed ad finem litis uterque querens.

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The prize——at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice:
No single word but has its price.
No Term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increas'd expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim,
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

BOMBYX.

Fine sub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ovo
Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus,
Frondibus hic mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,
Gnaviter incumbens, dum satietur, edit.
Crescendo ad justum cum jam maturuit ævum,
Incipit artifici stamine textor opus:
Filaque condensans filis, orbem implicat orbi,
Et sensim in gyris conditus ipsè latet.
Inque cadi teretem forman se colligit, unde
Egrediens pennas papilionis habet;
Fitque parens tandem, fœtumque reponit in ovis;
Hoc demum extremo munere functus obit.
Quotquot in hac nostra spirant animalia terra
Nulli est vel brevior vita, vel utilior.

THE SILKWORM.

The beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell,

The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulb'ry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Tho' till his growing time be past,
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arriv'd, his work begins.
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, tho' slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclos'd as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task,
And, though a worm when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies
The next ensuing year—and dies!

Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter-liv'd than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

Sedula per campos nullo defessa labore,
In cellâ ut stipet mella, vagatur apis,
Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes;
Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,
Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.
A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando
Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.
Omnia delibat, parcè sed et omnia, furti
Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium:
Omnia degustat tam parcè, ut gratia nulla
Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor
Non ita prædantur modice bruchique et erucæ;
Non ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves;
Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba rostra
Despoliant agros, effodiuntque sata.

Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes
Temperat, u dederit chymia nulla pares.
Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,
Quod cerâ, et multo melle rependit apis.

THE

INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to the least, but it yields
The bee, never-wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplor'd
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, in-dwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spar'd than the flow'rs.

But she with such delicate skill
Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNERI ANUS.*

Doctum anus artificem juste celebrata fatetur,
Denneri pinxit quam studiosa manus.
Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa,
Flaccida nec sulcis pendet utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella;
Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ sub margine cani,
Fila colorati qualia Seres habent;
Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit,
Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.
Nulla vel e minimis fugiunt spiracula visum;
At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,
Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.
Adveniunt juvenes; et anus si possit amari,
Dennere, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.
Adveniunt hilares nymphæ; similemque senectam
Tam pulchram et placidam dent sibi fata, rogant.

* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc tabula in aréâ Palatina exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonasteriense.

Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
Quod nihil horrendum, ridiculumve vident
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus;
Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

In this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the ribbon with which they are bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.

Strange magic of art! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half-enamour'd, the features of age;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she when as old shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd:

LACRYMÆ PICTORIS.

Infantem audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
Intempestivo fato obiise diem.
Ille, licet tristi perculsus imagine mortis,
Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet,

Et calamum, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe luctus,
"Mœrorem hunc," dixit, "nate, parentis habe!"
Dixit; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos;
Officio pariter fidus utrique pater:
Frontemque et crines, nec adhuc pellentia formans
Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus.
Perge parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.
Vidit adhuc molles gentior super oscula risus;
Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis,
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
Et tacitos risus transtulit in tabulam.
Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem;
Filioli longum vivet imago tui;
Vivet, et æternâ vives tu laude, nec arte
Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.

THE

TEARS OF A PAINTER.

Apelles, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Altho' the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seiz'd his brush, his colours spread;
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
"This tribute of a father's wo!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He clos'd his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew not livid yet;
And shaded all that he had done
To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!

Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies:
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short-lived shall the glory prove
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

SPE FINIS.

Ad dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque reditque,
Deprensum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet,
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,
Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.

Sta modò, respira paulum, simul accipe filum;
Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.
Sic te, sic solum expedies errore; viarum
Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.

THE MAZE.

From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the myst'ry, but in vain;
Stand still, and breathe, and take from me
A clew, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily——find where——
And make with ease your exit there!

NEMO MISER NISI COMPARATUS.

"Quis fuit infelix adeò! quis perditus æque!"
Conqueritur mœsto carmine tristis amans.
Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus; amantes
Deserti et spreti mille queruntur idem.
Fatum decantas quod tu miserabile, multus
Deplorat, multo cum Corydone, Strephon.
Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,
Non ea vel sola est ferrea, tuve miser.

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

The lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses.
Still closing with a rueful cry,
"Was ever such a wretch as I!"
Yes! Thousands have endur'd before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;

And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

LIMAX.

Frondibus, et pomis, herbisque tenaciter hæret
Limax, et secum portat ubique domum.
Tutus in hac sese occulat, si quando periclum
Imminet, aut subitæ decidit imber aquæ.
Cornua vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se
Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.
Secum habitat quacunque habitat; sibi tota supellex;
Solæ quas adamat, quasque requirit opes.
Secum potat, edit, dormit; sibi in ædibus iisdem
Conviva et comes est, hospes et hospitium.
Limacem, quacumque siet, quacumque moretur,
Siquis eum quærat, dixeris esse domi.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house, with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combin'd)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

EQUES ACADEMICUS.

Calcari instruitur juvenis; geminove vel uno,
Haud multum, aut ocreis cujus, et unde, refert;
Fors fortasse suo, fortasse aliunde, flagello;
Quantulacunque sui, pars tamen ipse sui.
Sic rite armatus, quinis (et forte minoris)
Conductum solidis scandere gestit equum.
Lætus et impavidus qua fert fortuna (volantem
Cernite) quadrupedem pungit et urget iter:
Admisso cursu, per rura, per oppida fertur:
Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.

Jamque ferox plagis, erectâ ad verbera dextrâ
Calce eruentatâ lassat utrumque latus.
Impete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
Millia propositæ sexve novemve viæ.
Viribus absumptis, fessusque labore, caballus
Sternit in immundum seque equitemque lutum.
Vectus iter peraget curru plaustrove viator?
Proh pudor et facinus! cogitur ire pedes.
Si, nec inexpertum, seniorem junior audis,
Quæ sint exiguæ commoda disce moræ.
Quam tibi præcipio, brevis est, sed regula certa;
Ocyus ut possis pergere lentus eas!

THE CANTAB.

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither:

Thro' the fields and the towns; (see!) he scampers along,
And is look'd at, and laugh'd at, by old and by young.
Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise, shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you!
The advice that I give I have proved to be true.
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

THE SALAD.

BY

VIRGIL.

[*June* 8, 1799.]

The winter-night now well-nigh worn away,
The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,
When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide
Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,
And poking in the dark explor'd the nook
Where embers slept with ashes heap'd around,
And with burnt fingers-ends the treasure found.

It chanc'd that from a brand beneath his nose,
Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose;
When trimming with a pin th' incrusted tow,
And stooping it towards the coals below,
He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
The ling'ring flame, and gains at length a light.

With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
The quiv'ring lamp, and opes his gran'ry door.
Small was his stock, but taking for the day
A measur'd stint of twice eight pounds away,
With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
Fixt in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
Then baring both his arms—a sleeveless coat
He girds, the rough exuviæ of a goat:
And with a rubber, for that use design'd,
Cleansing his mill within—begins to grind;
Each hand has its employ; lab'ring amain,
This turns the winch, while that supplies the grain.
The stone revolving rapidly, now glows,
And the bruis'd corn a mealy current flows;
While he, to make his heavy labour light,
Tasks oft his left hand to relieve his right;
And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
And now, "Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;
But Cybale, still slumb'ring, nought replies.

From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
Whose face and form alike her birth betray'd.

With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with solar heat.
Such, summon'd oft, she came; at his command
Fresh fuel heap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,
And made in haste her simm'ring skillet steam,
Replenish'd newly from the neighbouring stream.

The labours of the mill perform'd, a sieve
The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
Which shaken oft, shoots Ceres through refin'd,
And better dress'd, her husks all left behind.
This done, at once, his future plain repast,
Unleaven'd, on a shaven board he cast,
With tepid lymph first largely soak'd it all,
Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,
And spreading it again with both hands wide,
With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied;
At length the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,
Becomes an orb—and quarter'd into shares,
The faithful mark of just division bears.

Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
For Cybale before had swept the place,
And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
She leaves it—reeking in it's sultry bed.

Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus alone
His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own,
But sedulous, not merely to subdue
His hunger, but to please his palate too,
Prepares more sav'ry food. His chimney-side
Could boast no gammon, salted well, and dried,
And hook'd behind him; but sufficient store
Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore;
A broad round cheese, which, thro' its centre strung
With a tough broom-twig, in the corner hung;
The prudent hero therefore with address,
And quick dispatch, now seeks another mess.

Close to his cottage lay a garden-ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around:
Small was the spot, but lib'ral to produce;
Nor wanted aught that serves a peasant's use,
And sometimes e'en the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was his sole expense.

For oft, as from his toils abroad he ceas'd,
Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,
His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn and wind obedient to his will.
There flourish'd star-wort, and the branching beet,
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;
But these (for none his appetite controll'd
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustic sold;
With broom-twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the public mart:
Whence, laden still, but with a lighter load,
Of cash well earn'd, he took his homeward road,
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
His gains, in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,
Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed:

On scallions slic'd, or with a sensual gust,
On rockets—foul provocatives of lust!
Nor even shunn'd with smarting gums to press
Nasturtium—pungent face-distorting mess!

Some such regale now also in his thought,
With hasty steps his garden-ground he sought;
There delving with his hands, he first displac'd
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast;
The tender-tops of parsley next he culls,
Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls;
And coriander last to these succeeds,
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.

Plac'd near his sprightly fire he now demands
The mortar at his sable servant's hands;
When stripping all his garlick first, he tore
Th' exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
Then cast away with like contempt the skin,
Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
These search'd, and perfect found, he one by one
Rins'd, and dispos'd within the hollow stone.
Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
With his injected herbs he cover'd these,

And tucking with his left his tunic tight,
And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
The garlick bruising first he soon express'd,
And mix'd the various juices of the rest.
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below,
Lost in each other, their own pow'rs forego,
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.
His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,
He curs'd full oft his dinner for its scent,
Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
The trickling tears, cried "vengeance on the smoke!"
The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow;
With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,
Some drops of olive-oil he next instils.
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
And gathering to a ball the medley mess,
Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side.
And thus complete in figure and in kind,
Obtains at length the salad he design'd.

And now black Cybale before him stands,
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,
He glad receives it, chasing far away
All fears of famine for the passing day;
His legs enclos'd in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yok'd his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plung'd the pointed share.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

[*Begun August* 1799.]

FROM

THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

A SPARTAN, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;
His mother, kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead;

For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, testifies a son!

ON

THE SAME BY PALAADAS.

A SPARTAN 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive address'd:
"Thou canst but live to blot with shame
"Indelible thy mother's name.

" While ev'ry breath that thou shalt draw
" Offends against thy country's law;
" But, if thou perish by this hand,
" Myself indeed throughout the land,
" To my dishonor, shall be known
" The mother still of such a son;
" But Sparta will be safe and free,
" And that shall serve to comfort me."

AN EPITAPH.

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb—
Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.

ANOTHER.

Take to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain
With much hard labour in thy service worn!
He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,
And he these olives, that the vale adorn.

He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led
Thro' this green herbage, and those fruitful bow'rs;
Thou, therefore, earth! lie lightly on his head,
His hoary head, and deck his grave with flow'rs.

ANOTHER.

Painter, this likeness is too strong,
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

ANOTHER.

At threescore winters' end I died
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

BY CALLIMACHUS.

At morn we plac'd on his funereal bier
Young Melanippus; and at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.

Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope, nor daughter more t' embrace
And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

ON MILTIADES.

Miltiades! thy valour best
(Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest,
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN INFANT.

Bewail not much, my parents! me, the prey
Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here.
An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

BY HERACLIDES.

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.

His bed I shar'd, nor prov'd a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.
And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

ON THE REED.

I was of late a barren plant,
Useless, insignificant,
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
A native of the marshy shore;
But gather'd for poetic use,
And plung'd into a sable juice,
Of which my modicum I sip
With narrow mouth and slender lip
At once, although by nature dumb,
All eloquent I have become,
And speak with fluency untir'd,
As if by Phœbus' self inspir'd.

TO HEALTH.

Eldest born of pow'rs divine!
Blest Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live:
For in pow'r if pleasure be,
Wealth, or num'rous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in aught that Heav'n bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs
Of a respite from its cares;
These and ev'ry true delight
Flourish only in thy sight;
And the sister Graces Three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never happiness.

ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

Th' Astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
One only disagreed. But he was wise,
And spoke not till he heard the fun'ral cries.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.

Mycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said;
But 'tis a foul aspersion:
She buys them black; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

ON INVALIDS.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it ev'ry day.

ON FLATTERERS.

No mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.

For lull'd into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
Th' inevitable blow.

ON THE SWALLOW.

Attic maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destin'd their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the Spring!

Ah for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said,
That a songster gasps and dies,
That a songster may be fed.

ON

LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the pow'r.

ON

A TRUE FRIEND.

Hast thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply,
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well manag'd, till you die.

ON

A BATH, BY PLATO.

Did Cytherea to the skies
From this pellucid lymph arise?
Or was it Cytherea's touch,
When bathing here, that made it such?

ON

A FOWLER, BY ISIODORUS.

With seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
Nor lux'ry knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he liv'd, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

ON NIOBE.

Charon! receive a family on board
Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl,
Apollo and Diana, for a word
By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

ON

A GOOD MAN.

Trav'ller, regret not me; for thou shalt find
Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,
Who, dying, children's children left behind,
And with one wife liv'd many a year in peace:

Three virtuous youths espous'd my daughters three,
And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,
Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.
Their duteous hands my fun'ral rites bestow'd,
And me, by blameless manners fitted well
To seek it, sent to the serene abode
Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

ON A MISER.

They call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

ANOTHER.

A miser, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a Mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest,
Briskly inquisitive, address'd:
"Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit?"

The Mouse her host obliquely ey'd,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied,
"Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!
"I come to lodge, and not to board."

ANOTHER.

Art thou some individual of a kind
Long-liv'd by nature as the rook or hind?
Heap treasure then, for if thy need be such,
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy breast
This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
For why should'st thou go wasted to the tomb,
To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom?

ON

FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none,
So surely want extinguishes the flame,
And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where
In what strange country can thy parents live,
Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

ON

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy songster, perch'd above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king,
From thy perch, survey the fields
Where prolific nature yields
Nought that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly—thou and he are friends;

Nor thy never-ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?

ON HERMOCRATIA.

Hermocratia nam'd—save only one—
Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried none;
For neither Phœbus pierc'd my thriving joys,
Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys.
But Dian rather, when my daughters lay
In parturition, chas'd their pangs away.
And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty, shar'd
A vig'rous youth, by sickness unimpair'd.
O Niobe! far less prolific! see
Thy boast against Latona sham'd by me!

FROM MENANDER.

Fond youth! who dream'st that hoarded gold
Is needful, not alone to pay
For all thy various items sold,
To serve the wants of every day;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
For sav'ry viands season'd high;
But somewhat more important yet—
I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treasure, hadst thou more amass'd,
Than fame to Tantalus assign'd,
Would save thee from a tomb at last,
But thou must leave it all behind.

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise;
Confide not vainly in thy store,
However large——much less despise
Others comparatively poor;

But in thy more exalted state
A just and equal temper show,
That all who see thee rich and great
May deem thee worthy to be so.

ON

PALLAS BATHING,

FROM A HYMN OF CALIMACHUS.

Nor oils of balmy scent produce,
Nor mirror for Minerva's use,
Ye nymphs who lave her; she, array'd
In genuine beauty, scorns their aid.
Not even when they left the skies
To seek on Ida's head the prize
From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,
Or Pallas in the crystal plain
Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,
Or in the mirror's polish'd face,
Though Venus oft with anxious care
Adjusted twice a single hair.

TO DEMOSTHENES.

It flatters and deceives thy view,
This mirror of ill polish'd ore;
For were it just, and told thee true,
Thou wouldst consult it never more.

ON A

SIMILAR CHARACTER.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair,
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labour will efface 'em,
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

ON

AN UGLY FELLOW.

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook,
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
As self-enamour'd he.

ON

A BATTERED BEAUTY.

Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy,
A multifarious store!
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

ON A THIEF.

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,

And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;
" Hermes," he cried, " you meet no new disaster;
" Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

ON PEDIGREE.

FROM EPICHARMUS.

My Mother! if thou love me, name no more
My noble birth! Sounding at every breath
My noble birth, thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides; *they* boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and, from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name,
Deriv'd from no forefathers? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that, native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy depriv'd
Of all his kindred, one, who *cannot* trace
His origin, exist, why deem him sprung

From baser ancestry than theirs who *can?*
My Mother! he whom nature at his birth
Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

ON ENVY.

Pity, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard;
Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee!
Pity to distress is shown,
Envy to the great alone—
So the Theban—But to shine
Less conspicuous be mine!
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between;
For alarm and peril wait
Ever on the loftiest state,
And the lowest to the end
Obliquy and scorn attend.

BY PHILEMON.

Oft we enhance our ills by discontent,
And give them bulk beyond what nature meant.
A parent, brother, friend deceas'd, to cry—
"He's dead indeed, but he was born to die"—
Such temperate grief is suited to the size
And burthen of the loss; is just and wise.
But to exclaim, "Ah! wherefore was I born,
"Thus to be left for ever thus forlorn?"
Who thus laments his loss invites distress,
And magnifies a wo that might be less,
Through dull despondence to his lot resign'd,
And leaving reason's remedy behind.

BY MOSCHUS.

I slept when Venus enter'd: to my bed
A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led,
A bashful-seeming boy, and thus she said:
"Shepherd, receive my little one! I bring
"An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."

She said, and left him. I, suspecting nought,
Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,
How reed to reed Pan first with ozier bound,
How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,
How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire
Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre,
Such were my themes; my themes nought heeded he,
But ditties sang of am'rous sort to me,
The pangs that mortals and immortals prove
From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.
Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught;
His lessons I retain'd, and mine forgot.

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

IN IGNORANTEM ARROGANTEM LINUM.

CAPTIVUM, Line, te tenet ignorantia duplex.
Scis nihil, et nescis te quoque scire nihil.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

THOU mayst of double ign'rance boast,
Who know'st not, that thou nothing know'st.

PRUDENS SIMPLICITAS.

Ut nulli nocuisse velis, imitare columbam:
Serpentem, ut possit nemo nocere tibi.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!

AD AMICUM PAUPEREM.

Est male nunc? Utinam in pejus sors omnia vertat;
Succedunt summis optima sæpe malis.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

Omnia me dum junior essem, scire putabam:
Quo scio plus, hoc me nunc scio scire minus.

WHEN little more than boy in age,
I deem'd myself almost a sage;
But now seem worthier to be styl'd,
For ignorance, almost a child.

LEX TALIONIS.

Majorum nunquam, Aule, legis monumenta tuorum:
Mirum est, posteritas si tua scripta legat.

RETALIATION.

THE works of ancient bards divine,
Aulus, thou scorn'st to read;
And should posterity read thine,
It would be strange indeed!

DE ORTU ET OCCASU.

Sole oriente, tui reditûs a morte memento!
Sis memor occasûs, sole cadente, tui!

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

FABLES OF GAY.

LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.

Lusus amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu fit,
Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.
Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ
Tutamen novit, deliciasque domûs:
Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat, amicus,
Mirum est huic misero si ferat ullus opem.

Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus
Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, Lepus.
Ille, quot in sylvis et quot spatiantur in agris
Quadrupedes, nôrat conciliare sibi;
Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quenquam
Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.
Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,
Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,

Venatorum audit clangores ponè sequentem,
Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.
Utque canes fallat latè circumvagus, illuc,
Unde abiit, mirâ calliditate redit;
Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro
In mediâ miserum semianimemque viâ.
Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe
Quam lætâ adventu cor agitatur equi!
Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque
Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.
Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit—fidus amicus
Fert quodcunque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.
Belle miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara
Omnia quæ tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.
Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bonique
Adveniunt, quorum sis citò salvus ope.
Proximus armenti dominus bos solicitatus
Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.
Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum
Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi,
Libertate æquus, quam cedita micus amico,
Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam;

Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acervum
Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juvenca manet;
Et quis non ultro quæcunque negotia linquit,
Pareat ut dominæ, cum vocat ipse suæ?
Neu me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,
Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest.
Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina languent!
Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet!
Hirsutum mihi tergum; et forsan læserit ægrum,
Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.
Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans
Sustineo lanæ pondera tanta meæ;
Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque
Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.
Ultimus accedit vitulus, suscepero tantam,
Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.
Remne ego, respondet vitulus, vitulumque precatur,
Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natus heri?
Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,
Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego?
Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis
Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.

Ignoscas oro. Fidissima dissociantur
Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.
Ecce autem ad calces canis est! te quanta perempto
Tristitia est nobis ingruitura!—Vale!

AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

Icta fenestra Euri flatu strepebat, avarus
Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.
Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque
Respicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit;
Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,
Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.
Dein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam
Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.
Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes
Queis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.
Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans
Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat;
O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,
Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum!
Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis; et aurum
Quid contra vitii tormina sæva valet?

O inimicum aurum! O homini infestissima pesti;
Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas?
Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid honestum est,
Et præter nomen nil retinere boni.
Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit;
Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.
Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum
Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque suum sibi numen
Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
Ostendens; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis aures?
Ista tui simili tristia quisque canit.
Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.
Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
Criminibus fiunt perniciosa tuis?
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus
Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.

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